

DOLL MAN

QUALITY
COMICS
I.C.C.
9

SEPTEMBER No.18

10¢

and
**The REDSKINS
SCALP CRIME!**





WEB COMIC
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**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

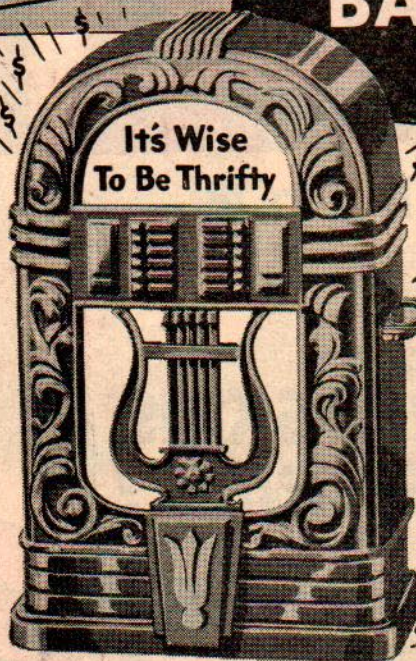
JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
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**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
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You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



**It's Wise
To Be Thrifty**

\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-In!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



**Sturdy
Steel
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A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
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**PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...
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Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

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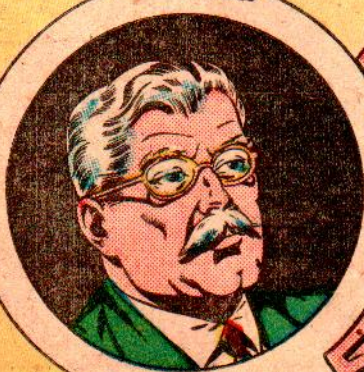
Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

DOLL MAN

THE DOLL MAN

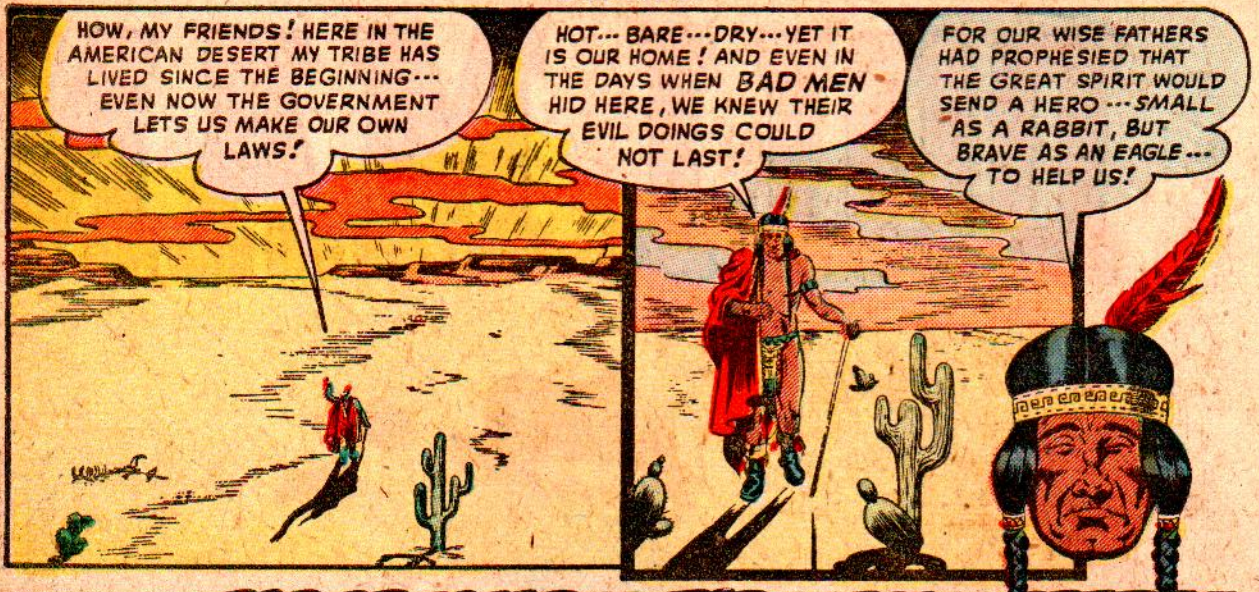


A mighty treasure for honest progress or crooked profit was hidden in the country of the Indians... and criminals intended to plunder the tribe, but the **DOLL MAN** planned otherwise!



Only Dr. Roberts and his daughter, Martha know the secret of the DOLL MAN... quiet, young scientist, Darrel Dane, can concentrate his supreme power of will and turn into the tiny terror of all injustice!

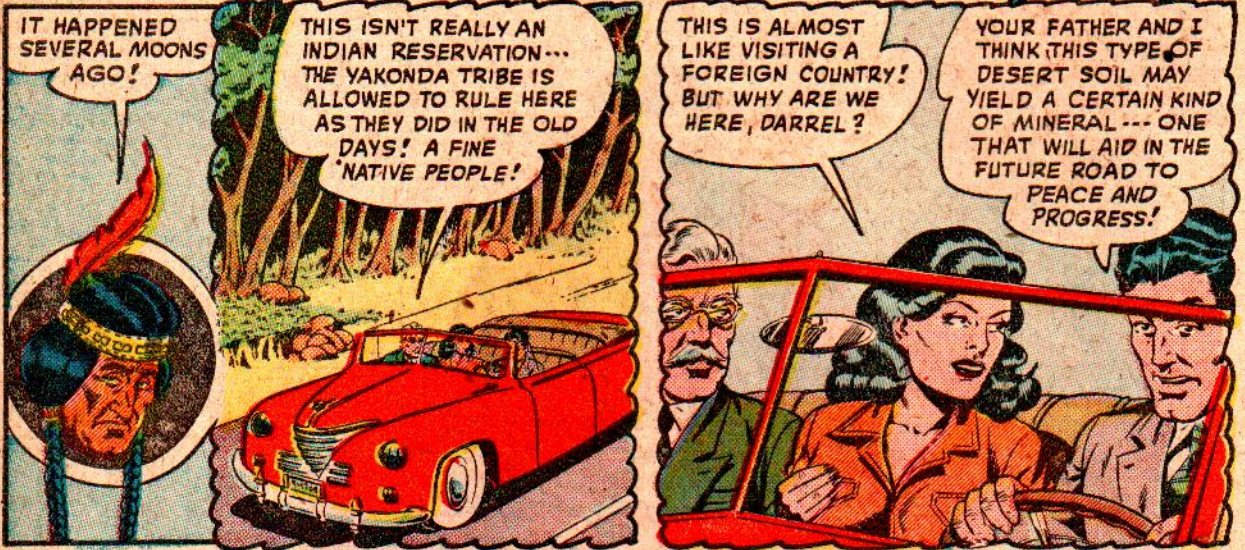




HOW, MY FRIENDS! HERE IN THE AMERICAN DESERT MY TRIBE HAS LIVED SINCE THE BEGINNING... EVEN NOW THE GOVERNMENT LETS US MAKE OUR OWN LAWS!

HOT... BARE... DRY... YET IT IS OUR HOME! AND EVEN IN THE DAYS WHEN **BAD MEN** HID HERE, WE KNEW THEIR EVIL DOINGS COULD NOT LAST!

FOR OUR WISE FATHERS HAD PROPHESIED THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT WOULD SEND A HERO... SMALL AS A RABBIT, BUT BRAVE AS AN EAGLE... TO HELP US!

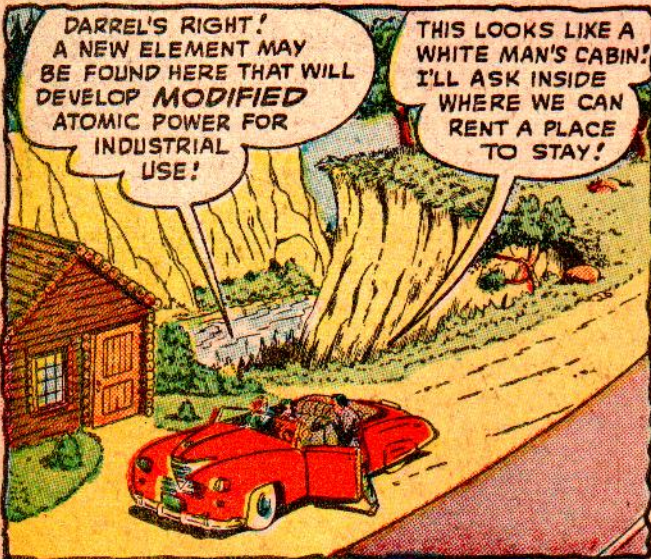


IT HAPPENED SEVERAL MOONS AGO!

THIS ISN'T REALLY AN INDIAN RESERVATION... THE YAKONDA TRIBE IS ALLOWED TO RULE HERE AS THEY DID IN THE OLD DAYS! A FINE 'NATIVE PEOPLE'!

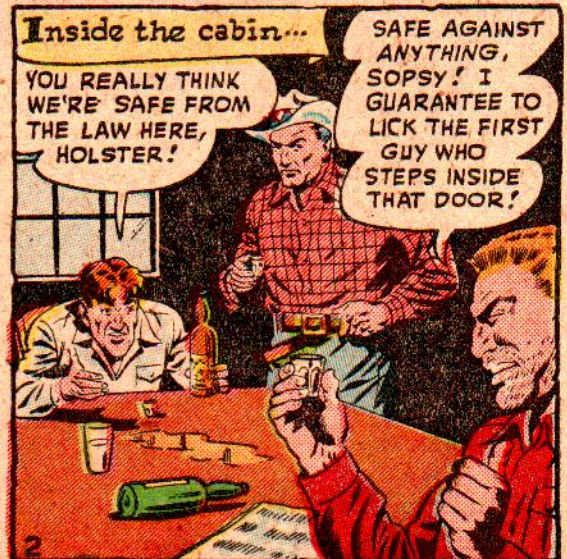
THIS IS ALMOST LIKE VISITING A FOREIGN COUNTRY! BUT WHY ARE WE HERE, DARREL?

YOUR FATHER AND I THINK THIS TYPE OF DESERT SOIL MAY YIELD A CERTAIN KIND OF MINERAL... ONE THAT WILL AID IN THE FUTURE ROAD TO PEACE AND PROGRESS!



DARREL'S RIGHT! A NEW ELEMENT MAY BE FOUND HERE THAT WILL DEVELOP **MODIFIED** ATOMIC POWER FOR INDUSTRIAL USE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A WHITE MAN'S CABIN! I'LL ASK INSIDE WHERE WE CAN RENT A PLACE TO STAY!

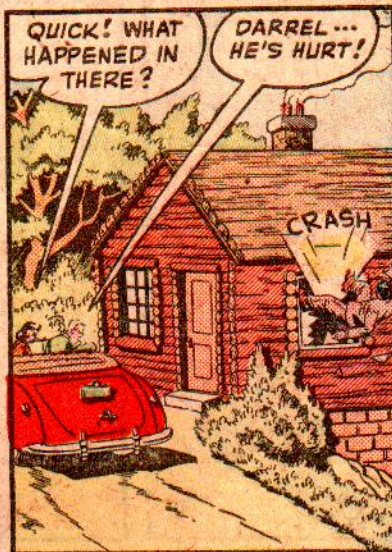
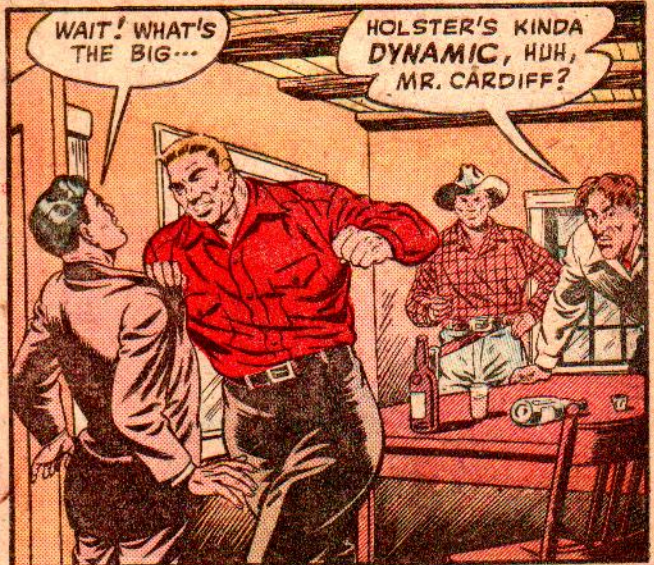
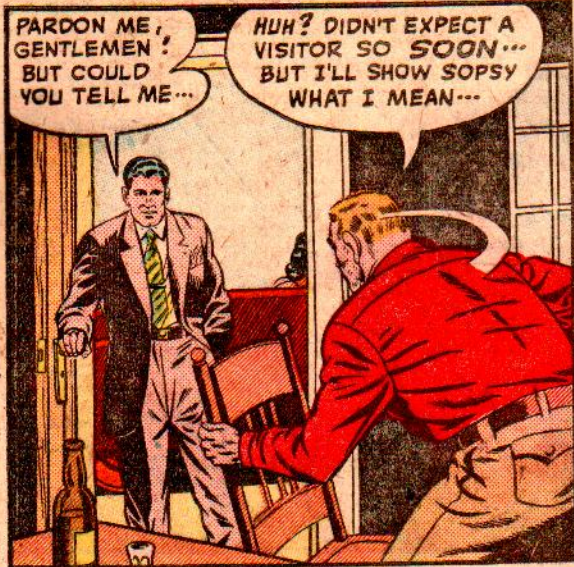


Inside the cabin...

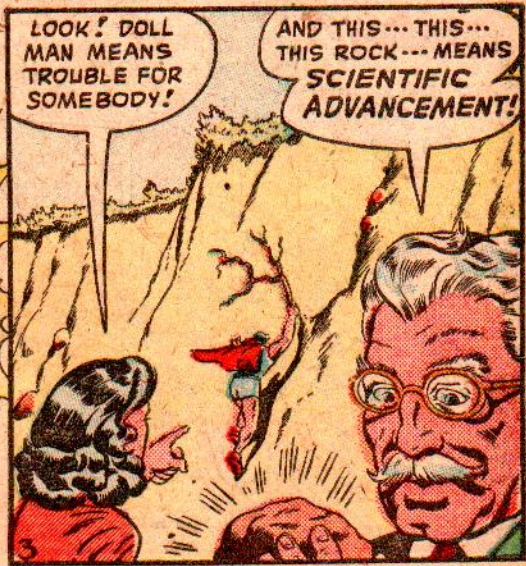
YOU REALLY THINK WE'RE SAFE FROM THE LAW HERE, HOLSTER?

SAFE AGAINST ANYTHING, SOPSY! I GUARANTEE TO LICK THE FIRST GUY WHO STEPS INSIDE THAT DOOR!

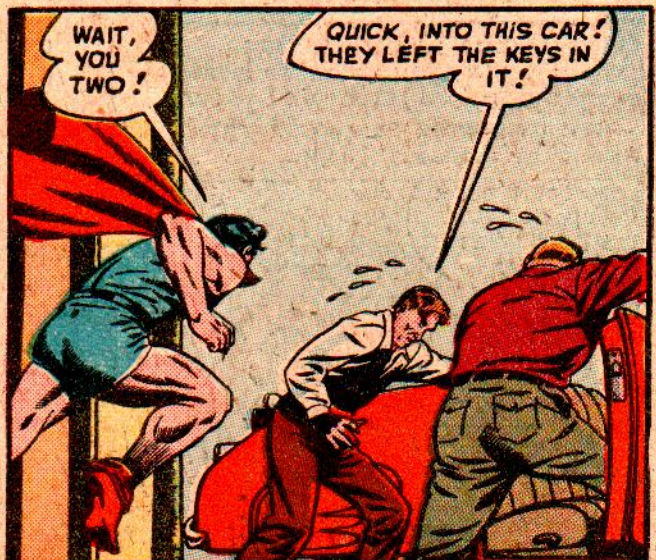
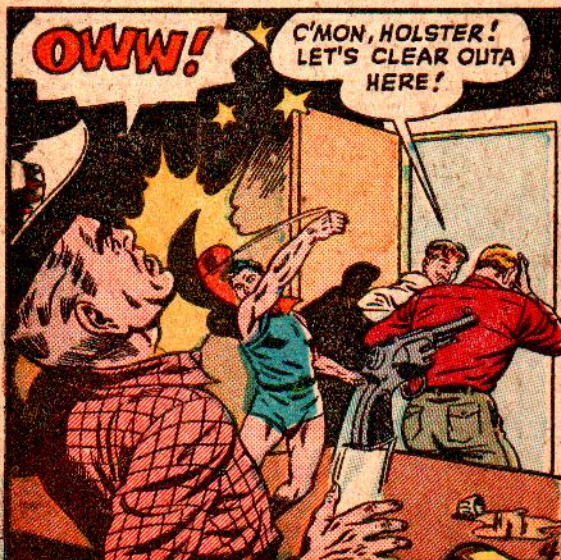
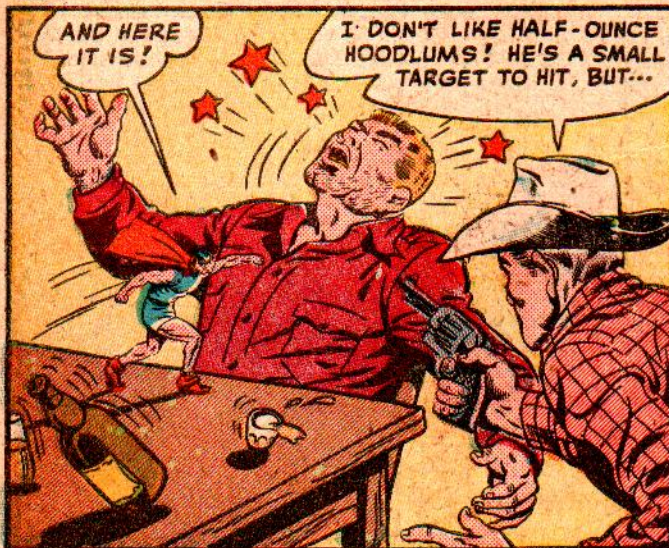
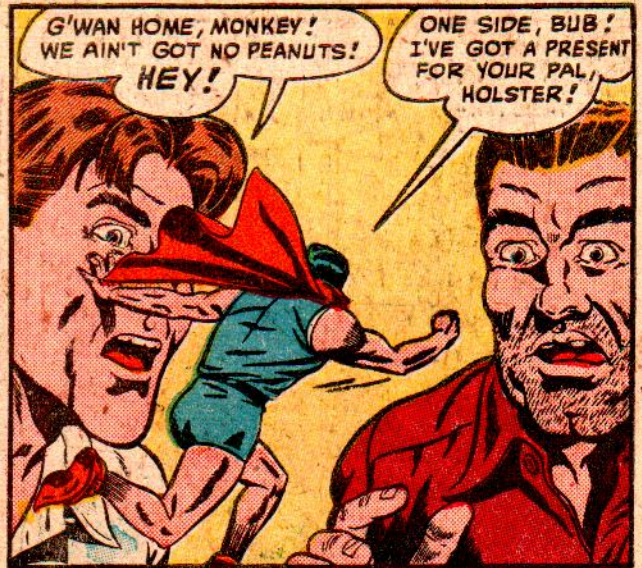
DOLL MAN

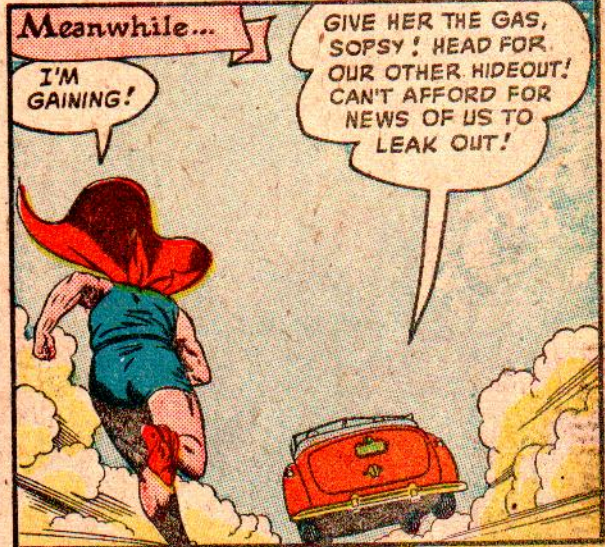
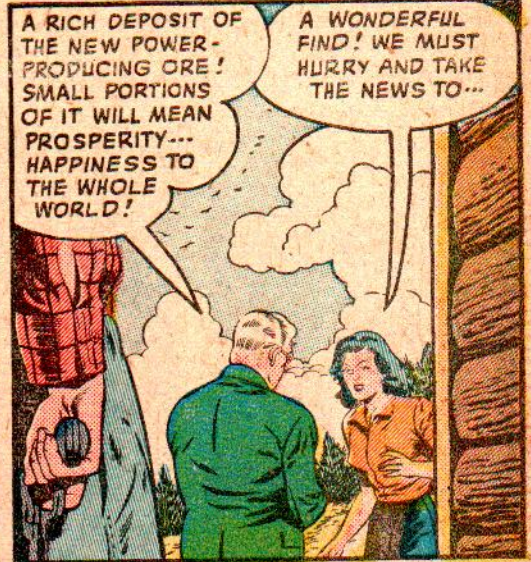
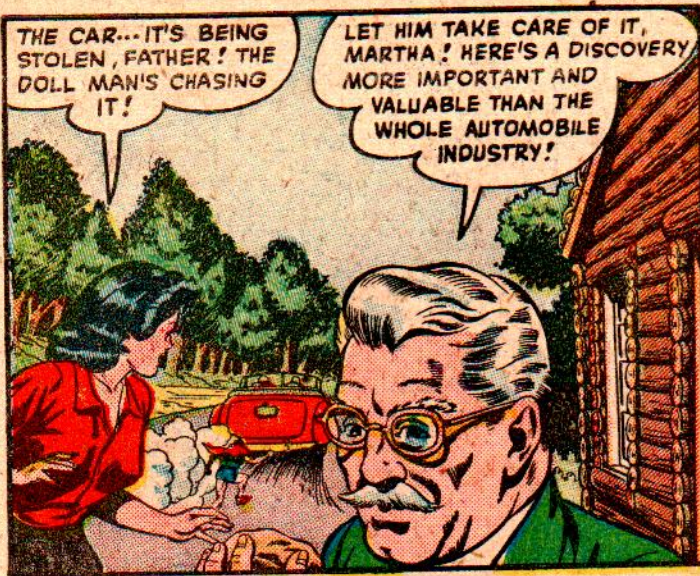


... and Darrel Dane Once more becomes the DOLL MAN... vest-pocket package of fight and energy!



DOLL MAN





But as the Doll Man comes to the point where the car disappeared...



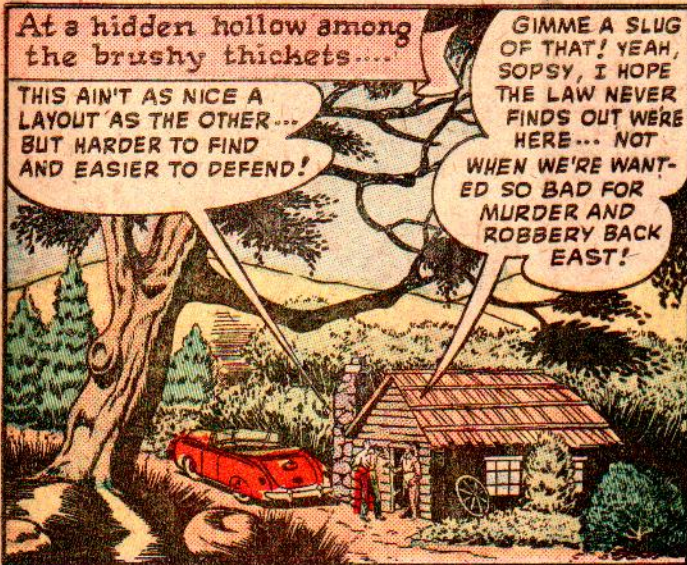
TOO HARD AND ROCKY A SURFACE TO SHOW THE TIRE TRACKS! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS!



He returns...and is baffled again...

THEY'RE GONE! AND LOOK... THE VERY ORE WE HOPED TO FIND! BUT WHERE ARE THEY?





At a hidden hollow among the brushy thickets....

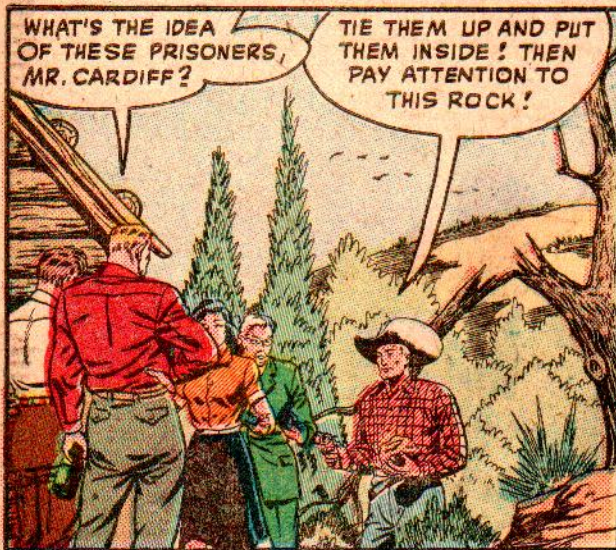
THIS AIN'T AS NICE A LAYOUT AS THE OTHER... BUT HARDER TO FIND AND EASIER TO DEFEND!

GIMME A SLUG OF THAT! YEAH, SOPSY, I HOPE THE LAW NEVER FINDS OUT WE'RE HERE... NOT WHEN WE'RE WANTED SO BAD FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY BACK EAST!



HERE ON THE YAKONDA RESERVATION... WITH ONLY INJUN LAWS... WE'VE BEEN SAFE SO FAR! BUT... WHAAAT?

PSST! QUIET, BOYS! IT'S ME... CARDIFF!



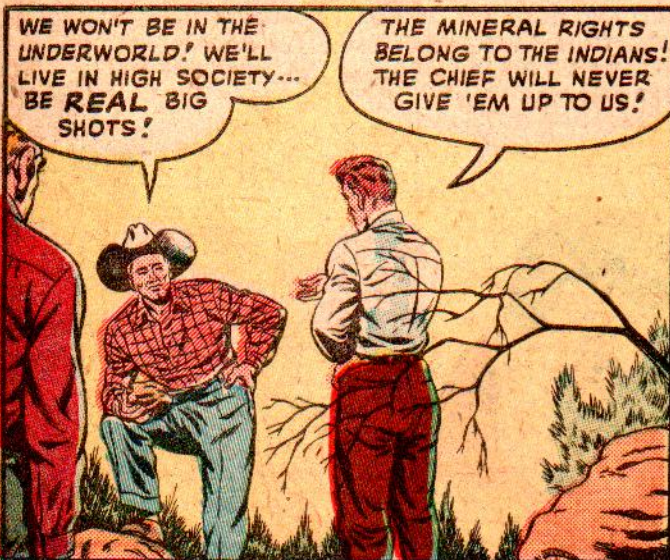
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THESE PRISONERS, MR. CARDIFF?

TIE THEM UP AND PUT THEM INSIDE! THEN PAY ATTENTION TO THIS ROCK!



IF WE CAN CLAIM THE MINERAL RIGHTS TO THIS LAND, WE CAN SELL THIS ORE AND BE RICHER THAN WE EVER THOUGHT!

BUT WE CAN'T GO BACK TO TOWN! THE COPS ARE COMBING THE UNDERWORLD FOR US!



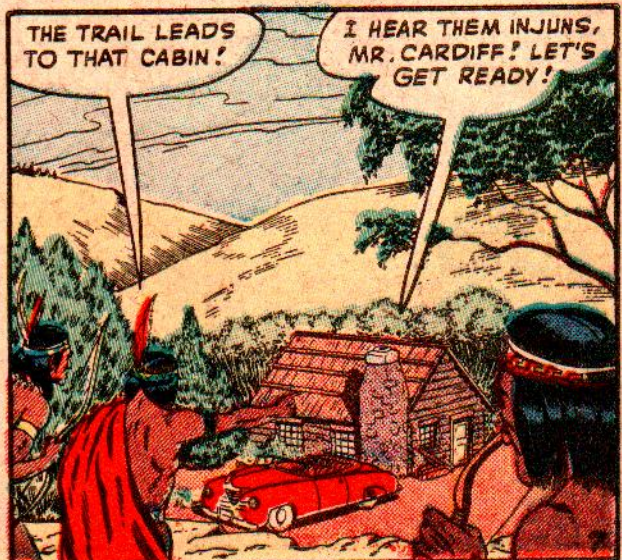
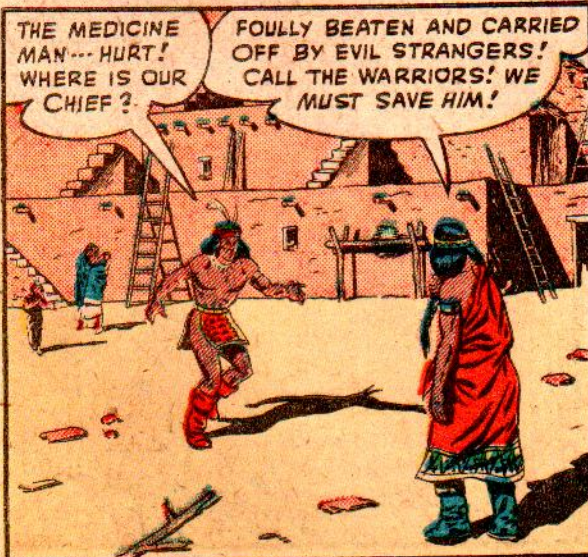
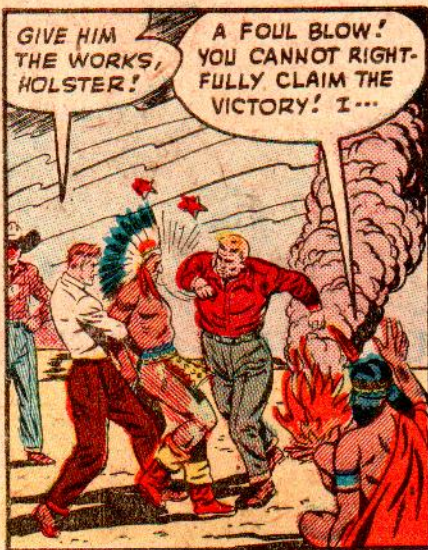
WE WON'T BE IN THE UNDERWORLD! WE'LL LIVE IN HIGH SOCIETY... BE REAL BIG SHOTS!

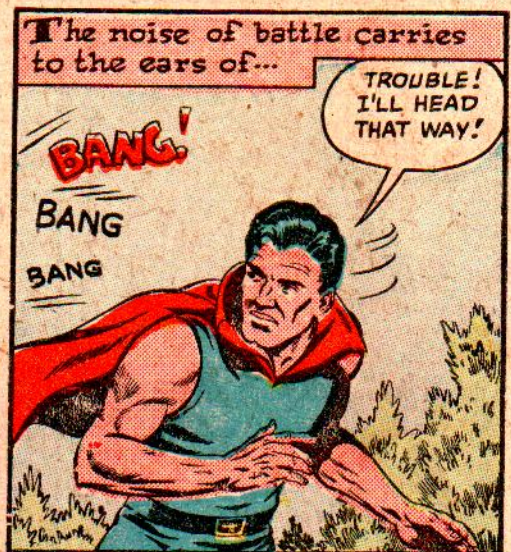
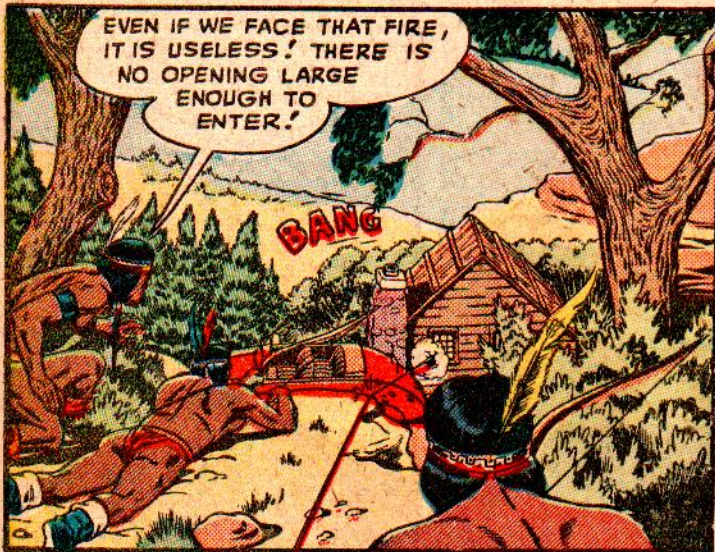
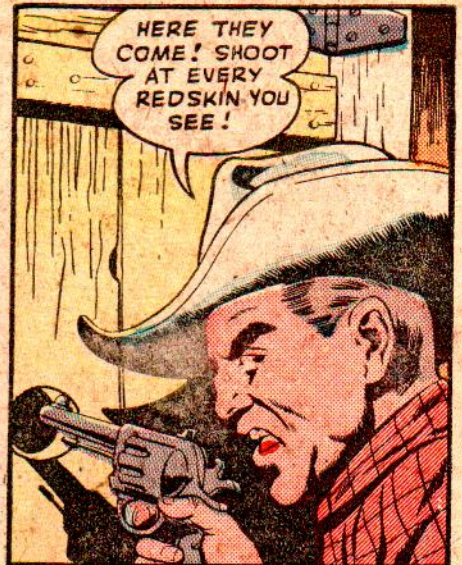
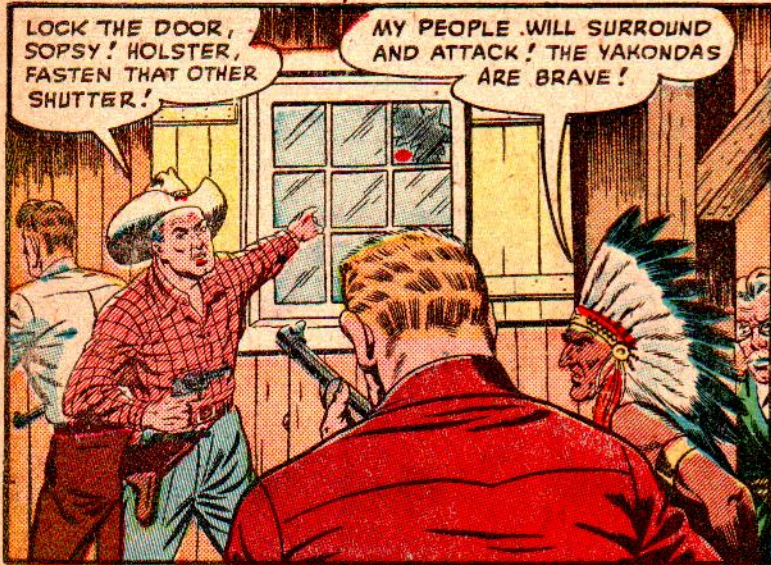
THE MINERAL RIGHTS BELONG TO THE INDIANS! THE CHIEF WILL NEVER GIVE 'EM UP TO US!

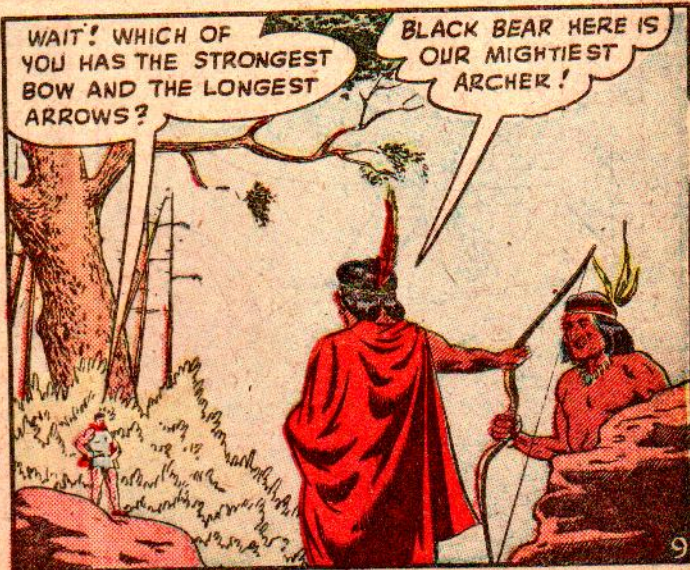
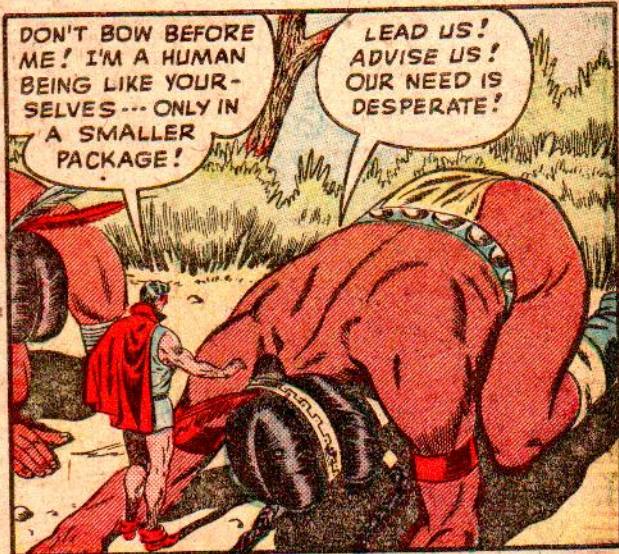


TRIBAL LAW SAYS WHOEVER LICKS THE CHIEF IN A FAIR FIGHT, GETS TO BE CHIEF! IF HOLSTER HERE WILL OBLIGE...

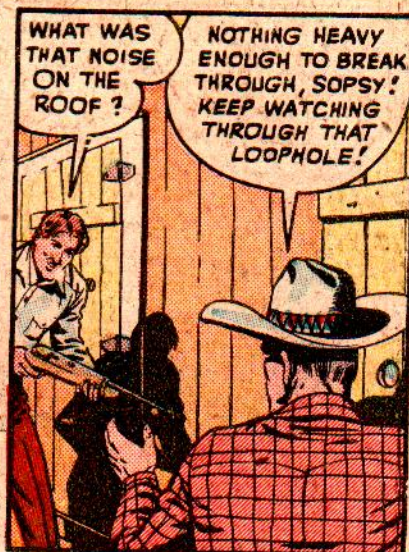
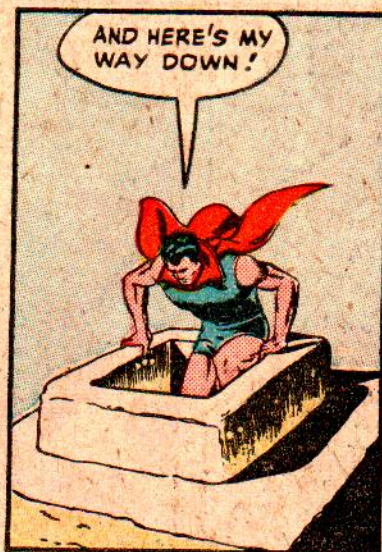
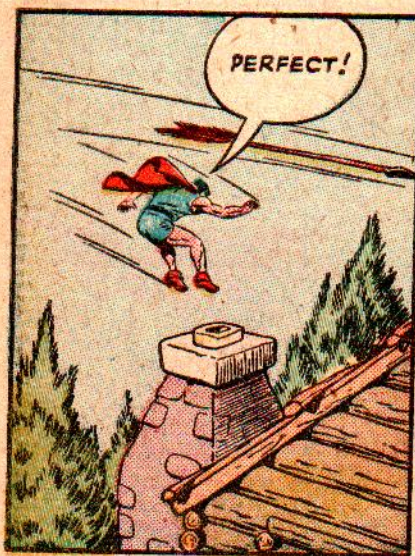
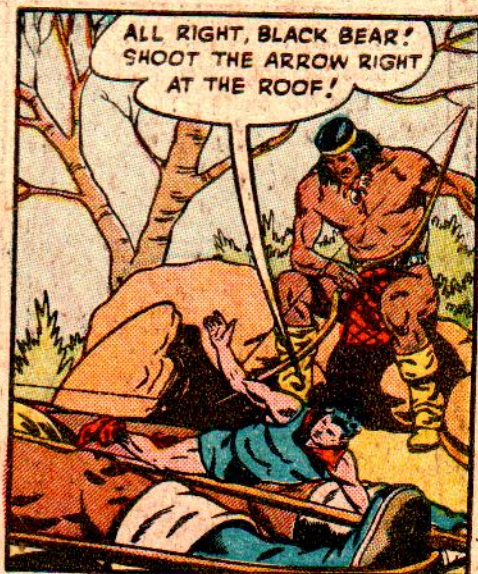
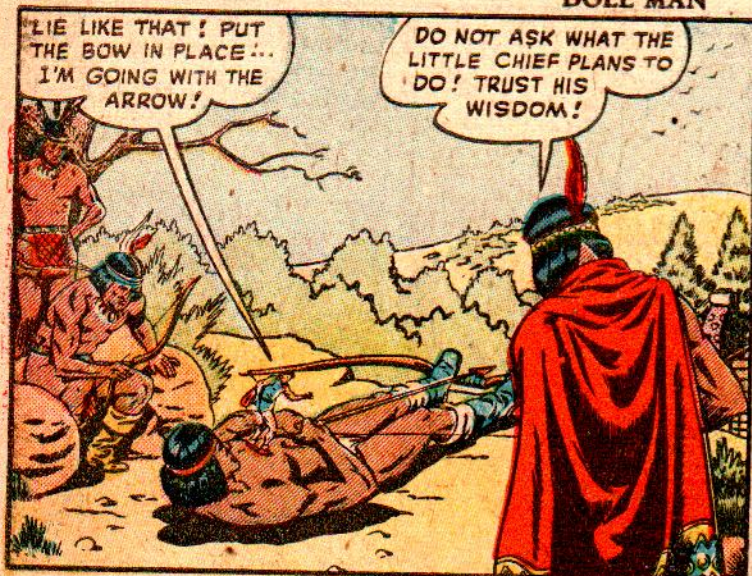
IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE! WITH ME THE NEW CHIEF, I'LL GIVE US THE MINERAL RIGHTS... AND WE CASH IN! LET'S GO!



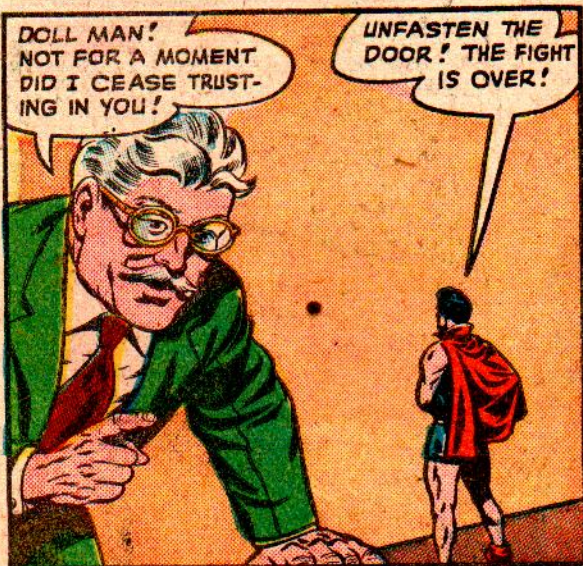
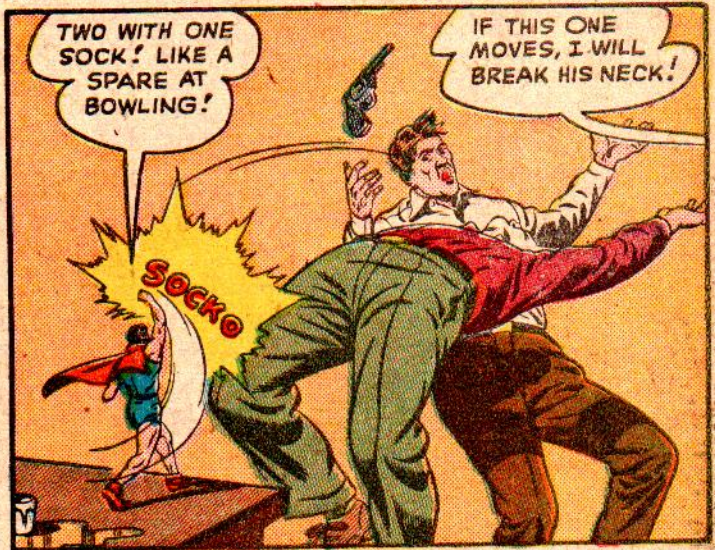
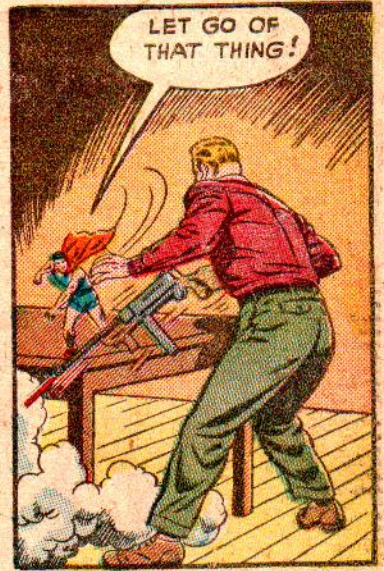
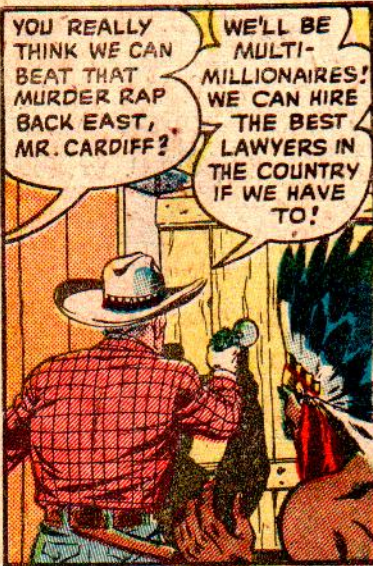




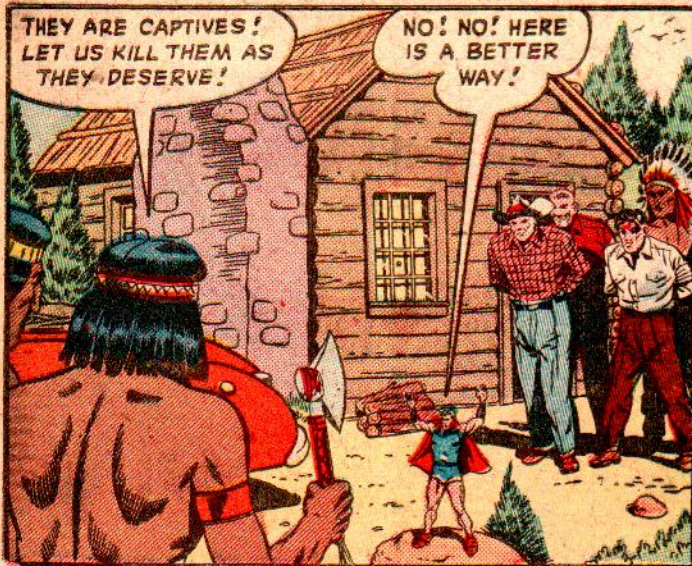
DOLL MAN



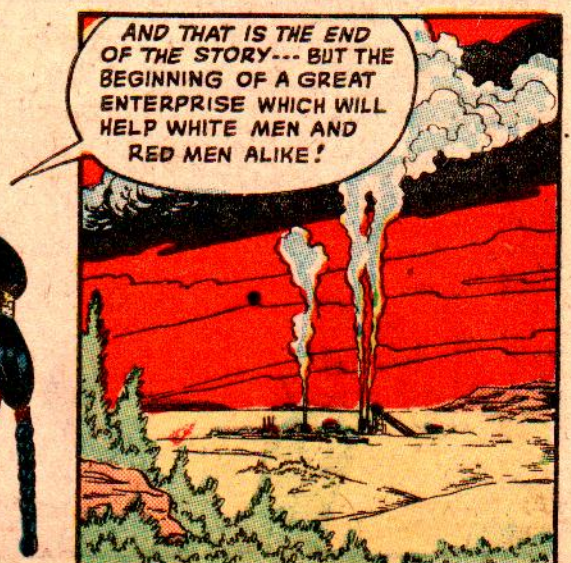
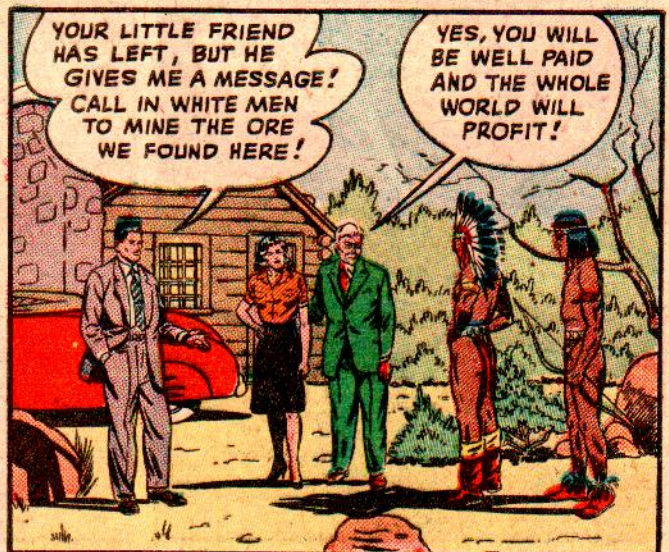
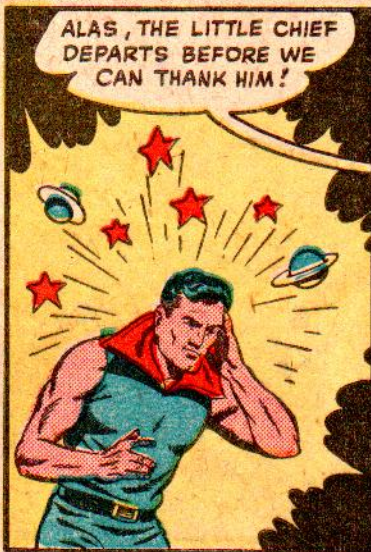
DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN



Slipping out of sight, the DOLL MAN concentrates his power of will...



The

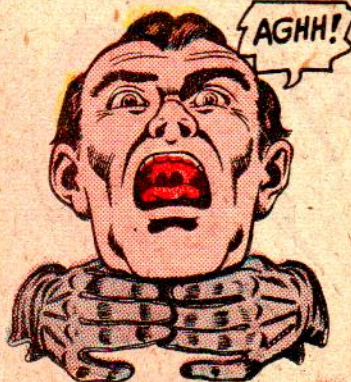
DOLL MAN



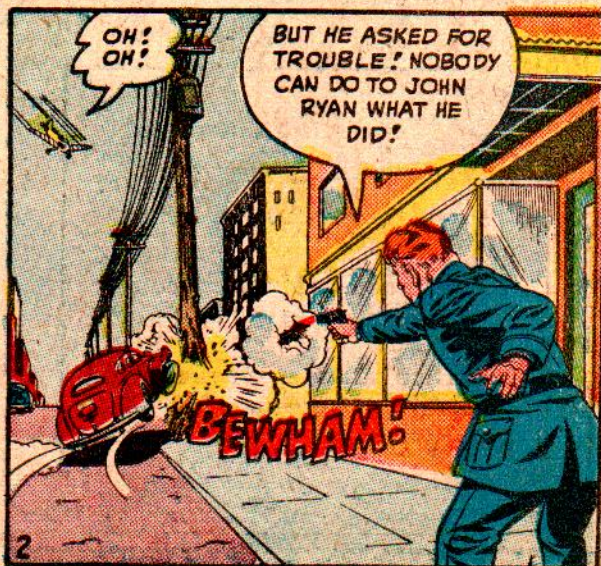
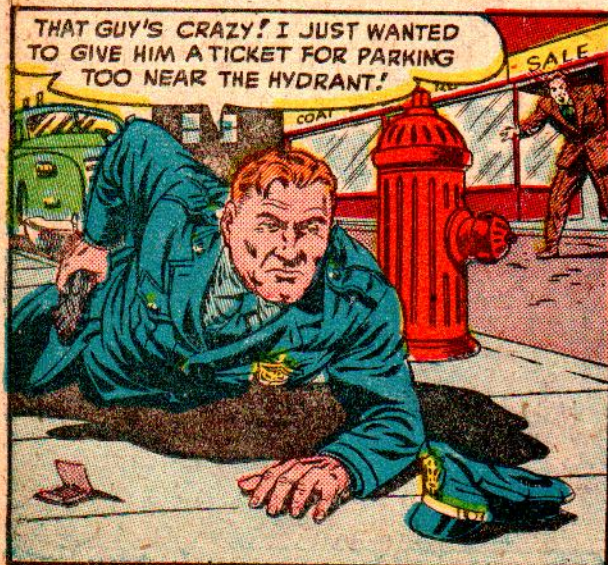
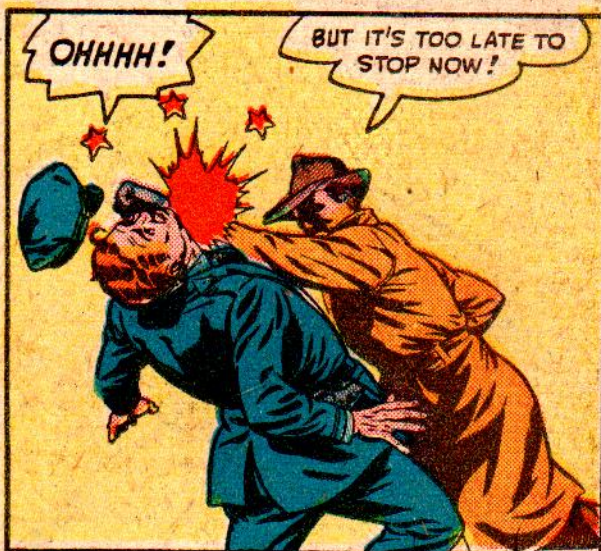
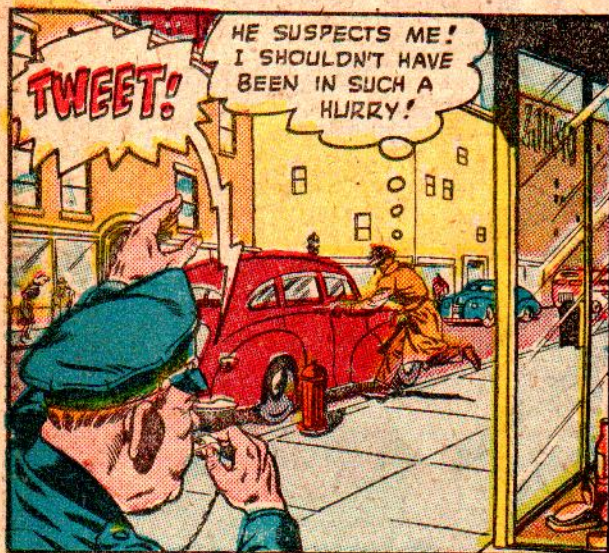
WHAT WAS HIS GHASTLY SECRET? Men touched him, and died in terrible agony! For his were the hands of doom!

THE DOLL MAN defies the clutching grip of fear to battle GLOVES, the strange villain whose hands speak the language of **DEATH!**

DOLL MAN



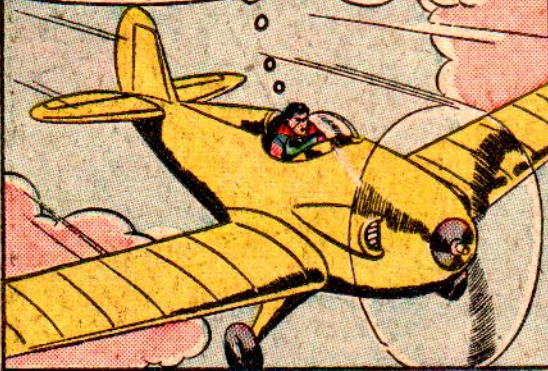
I instead of to the chilling death rattle of an innocent victim!



DOLL MAN

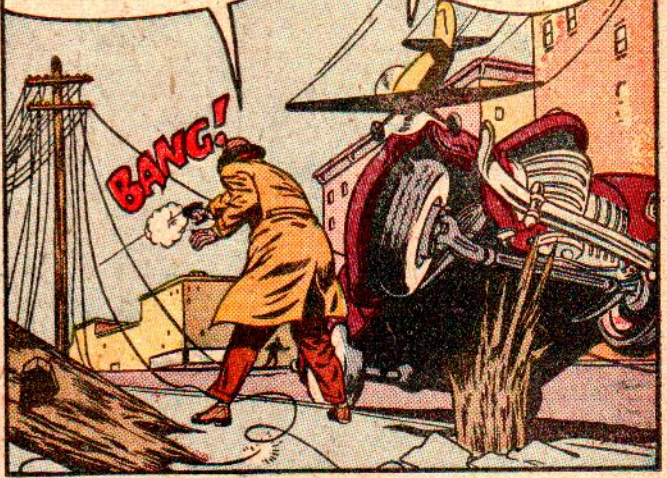
Near by, the world's mightiest mite, The DOLL MAN, is cruising in his Doll Plane ...

LOOKS LIKE EXCITEMENT!
I'D BETTER HEAD DOWN!



AN INEXCUSABLE DELAY!
BUT A BULLET WILL MAKE
UP FOR LOST TIME!

CLEAR THE DECKS!
IT'S A CRASH
LANDING!



OOF!

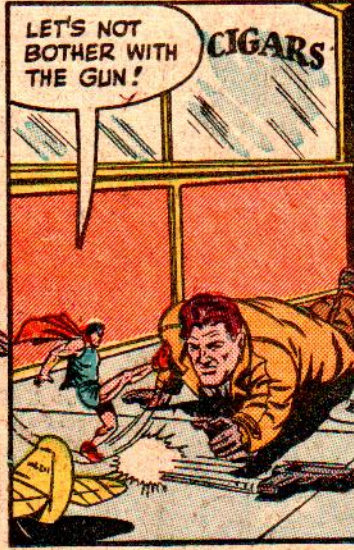
WHAM!

BANG!



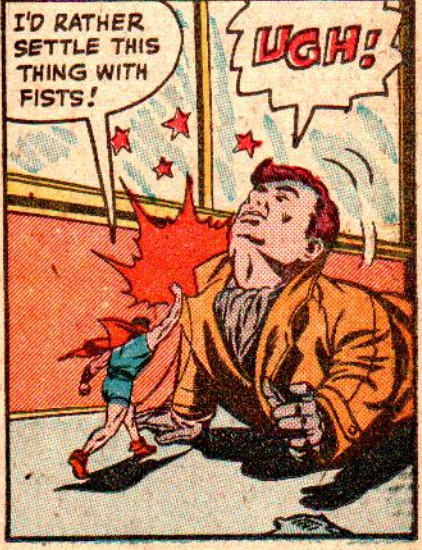
LET'S NOT
BOTHR WITH
THE GUN!

CIGARS



I'D RATHER
SETTLE THIS
THING WITH
FISTS!

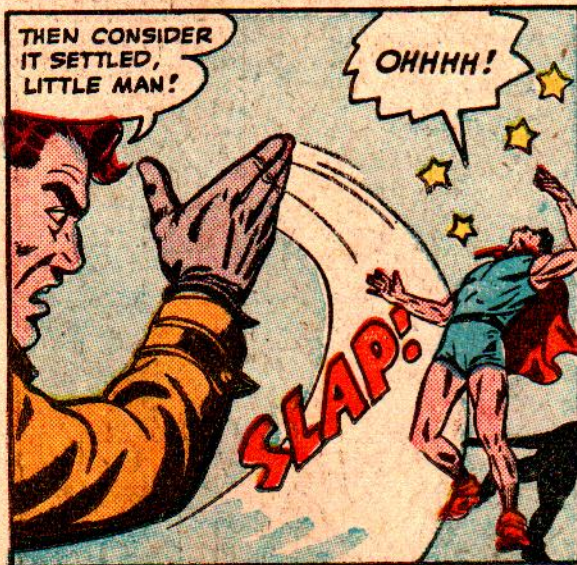
UGH!



THEN CONSIDER
IT SETTLED,
LITTLE MAN!

OHHHH!

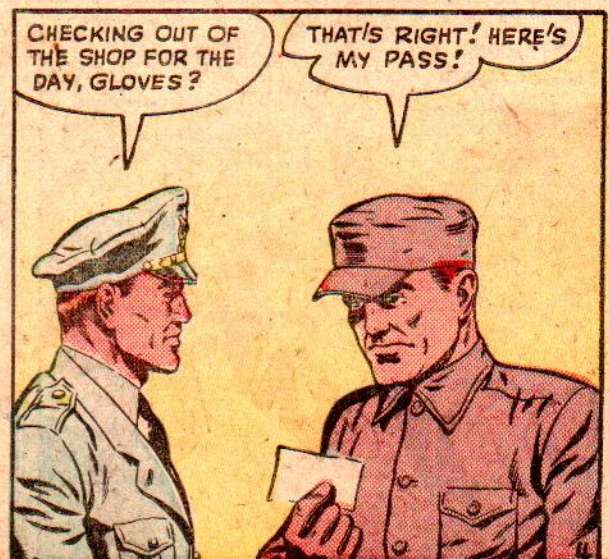
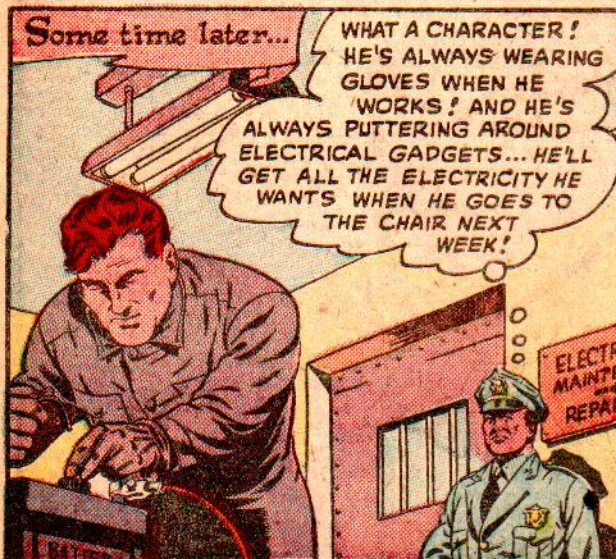
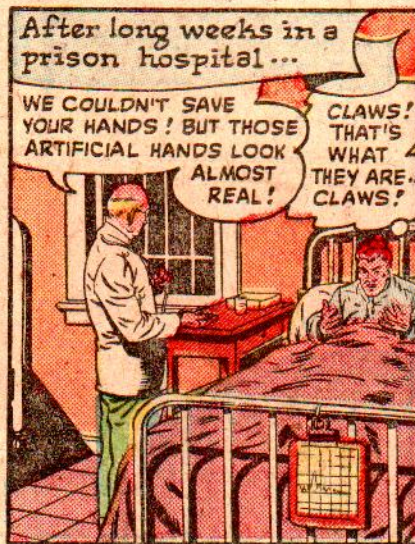
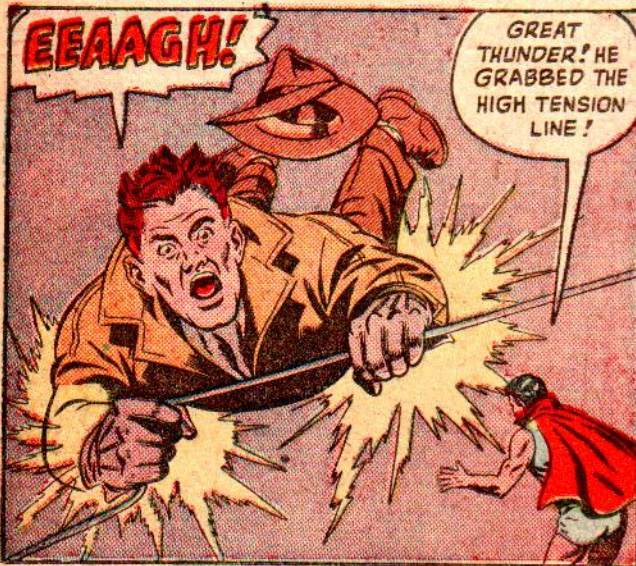
SLAP!

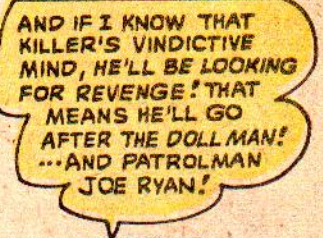
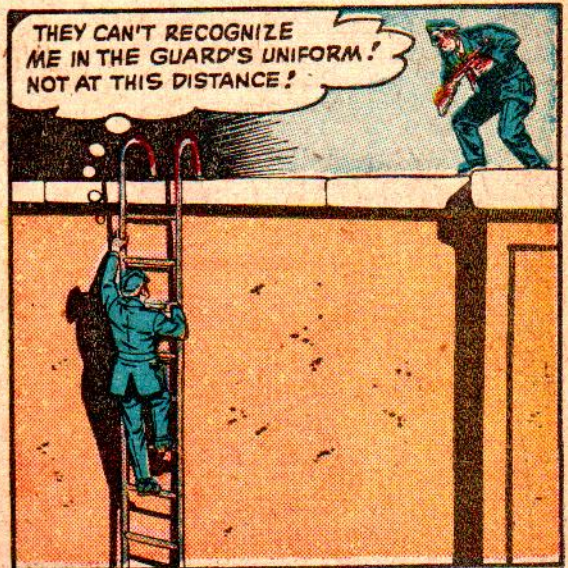


YOU'VE GOT A HEAVY
HAND, MISTER, BUT
YOU'RE TOO LIGHT
ON YOUR FEET!

WHA...?





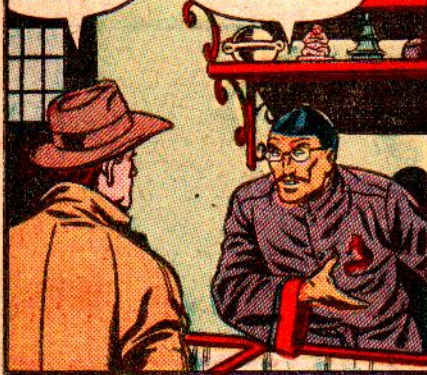


DOLL MAN

Later, at the store of a dealer in rare Chinese art objects...

SHOW ME YOUR MOST EXPENSIVE JADE!

YES, SIRE! THE STATUE OF LI-HO WILL MOST CERTAINLY PLEASE YOU!



IT IS MADE OF THE PUREST JADE! YOU MAY HAVE IT FOR THE MEREST PITTANCE...

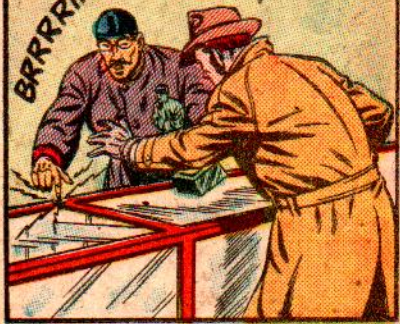
I'LL TAKE IT THIS WAY!



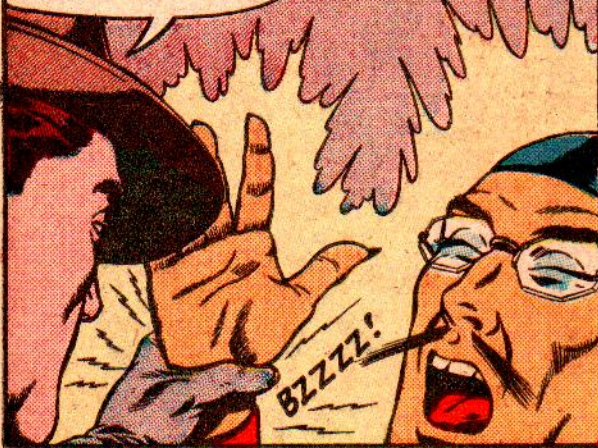
A THIEF! THE ALARM WILL SUMMON POLICE!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED YOU TO DO!

BRRRINGG!

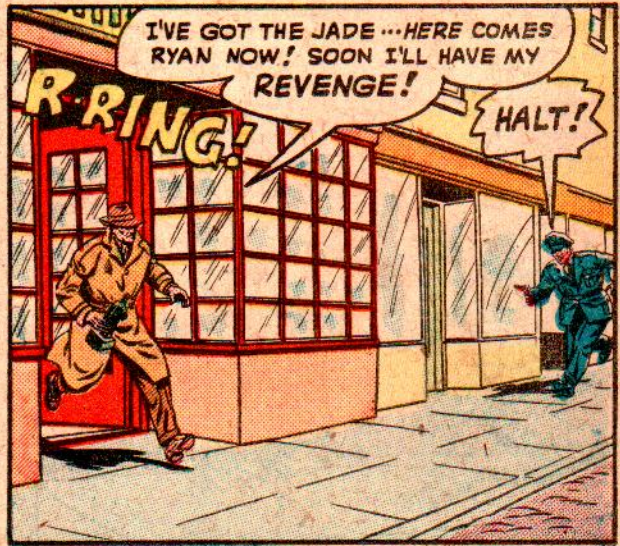


I NEVER INTENDED TO USE THE GUN! I DON'T KILL SO CRUELY!



I'VE GOT THE JADE...HERE COMES RYAN NOW! SOON I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!

HALT!

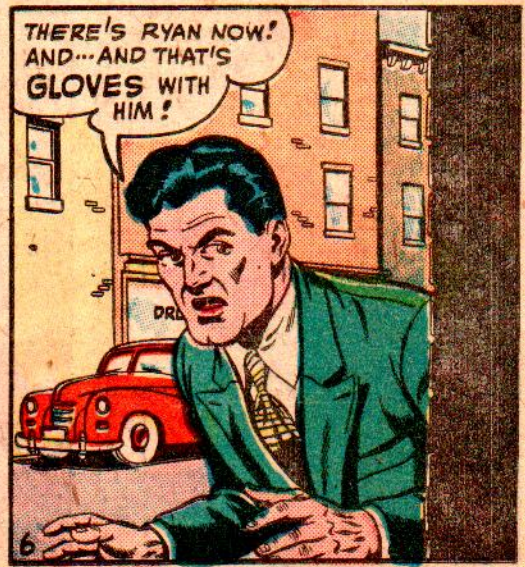


SO IT'S YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING BACK TO PRISON TO BURN!

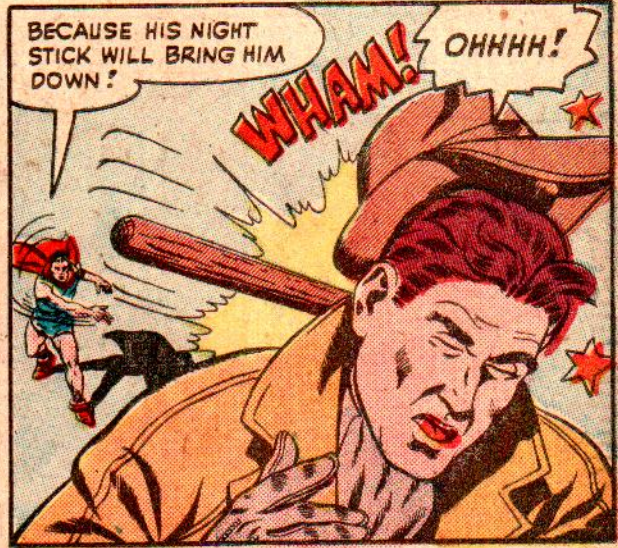
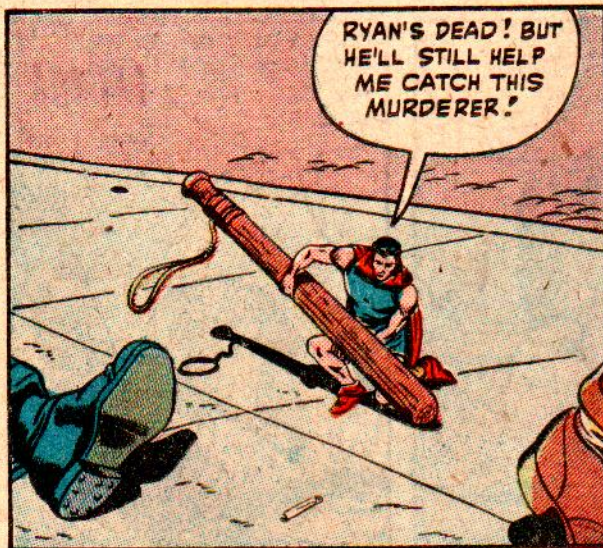
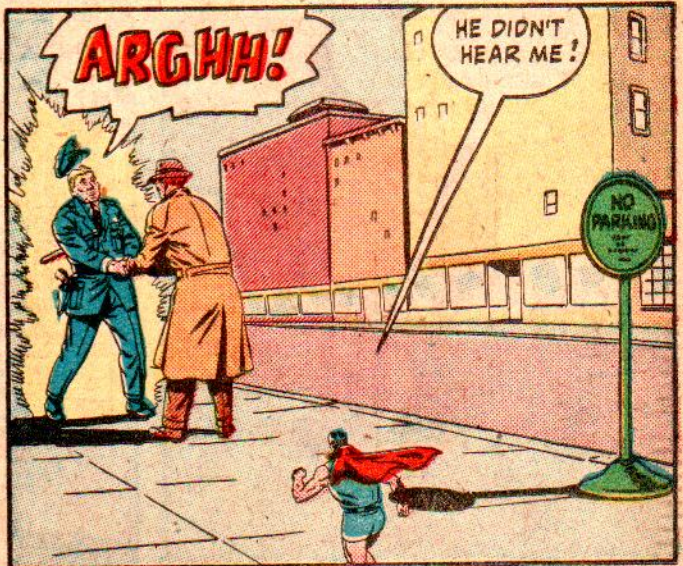
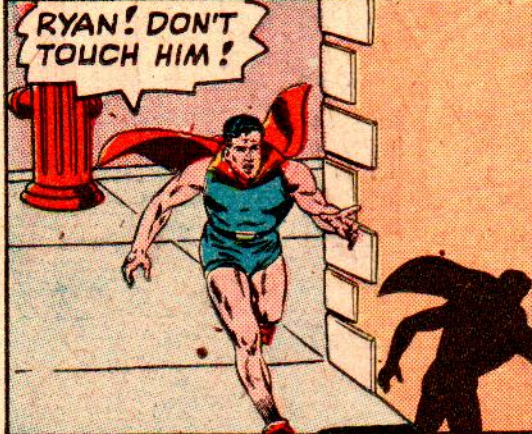
YOU'VE GOT ME! I'M READY FOR THE HANDCUFFS!



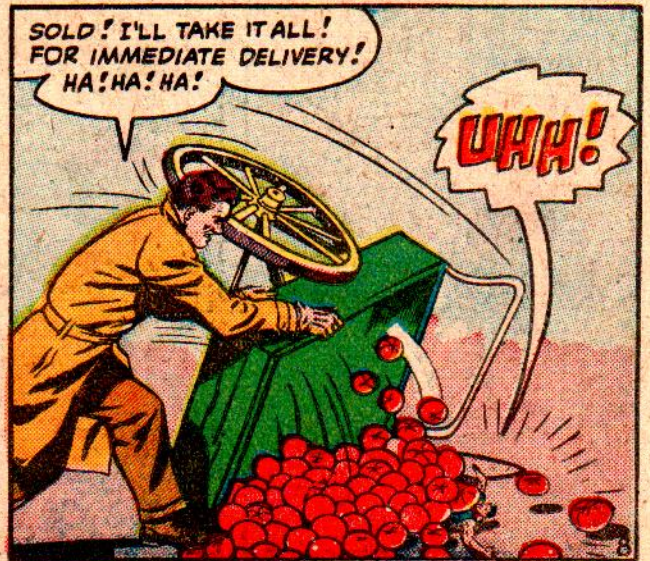
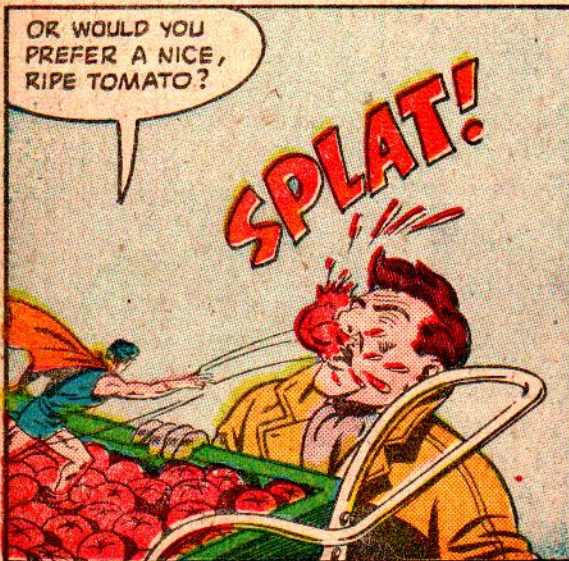
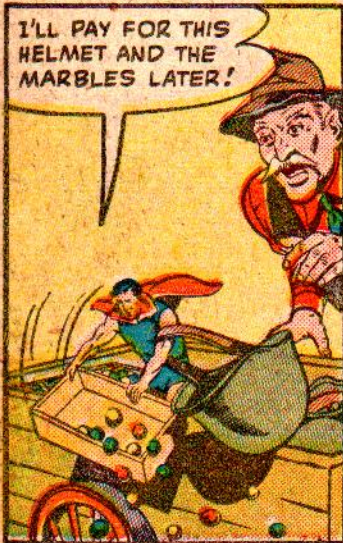
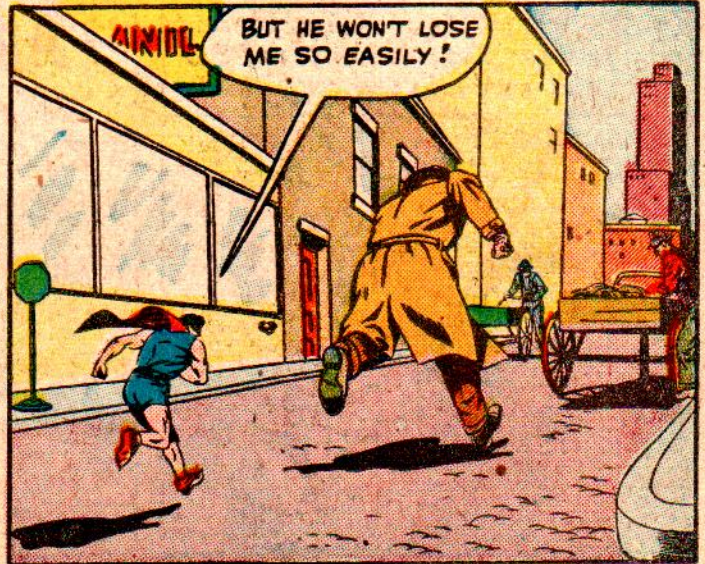
THERE'S RYAN NOW! AND...AND THAT'S GLOVES WITH HIM!



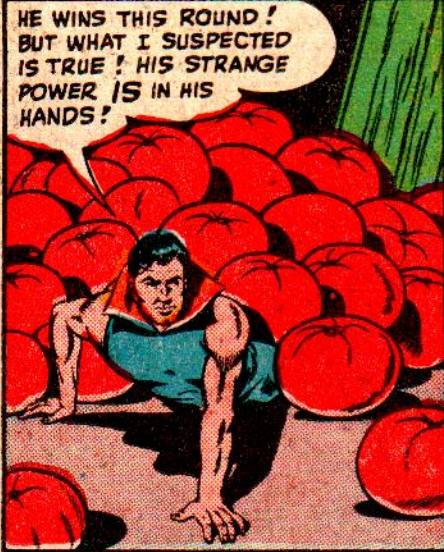
Quicker than thought, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body and becomes the DOLL MAN!



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN



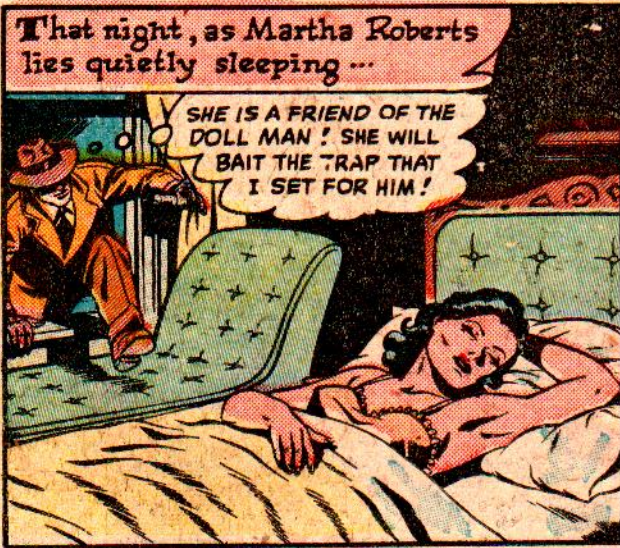
HE WINS THIS ROUND!
BUT WHAT I SUSPECTED
IS TRUE! HIS STRANGE
POWER IS IN HIS
HANDS!



THE DOLL MAN SURVIVED
OUR FIRST MEETING! BUT I
WAS UNPREPARED FOR HIM!
NEXT TIME IT WILL BE DIFFER-
ENT! HIS DEATH WILL
COMPLETE MY
REVENGE!



HE COST ME MY REAL
HANDS! IT IS ONLY FITTING
THAT MY NEW ONES
SHALL BE THE
INSTRUMENT
OF HIS DOOM!



That night, as Martha Roberts
lies quietly sleeping...

SHE IS A FRIEND OF THE
DOLL MAN! SHE WILL
BAIT THE TRAP THAT
I SET FOR HIM!



DON'T STRUGGLE SO
WILDLY! IT WON'T HELP...
AND MY TOUCH DOES NOT
SPELL DEATH...
FOR YOU!



Next morning...
MARTHA'S GONE!
I FOUND THIS
NOTE!

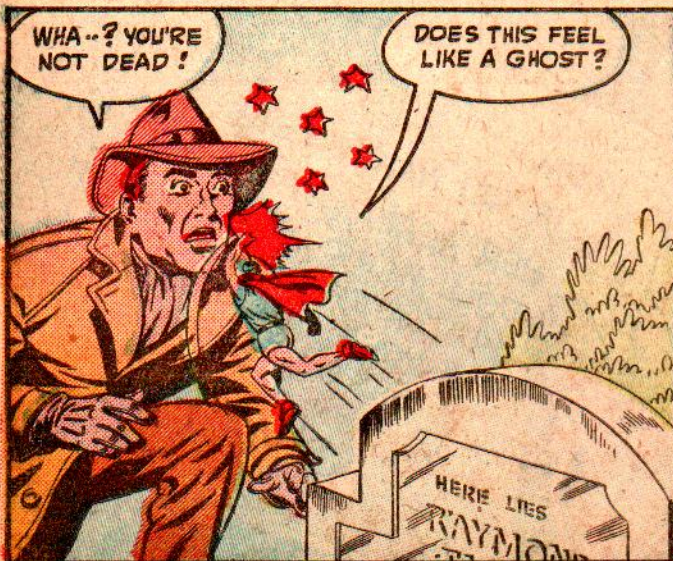
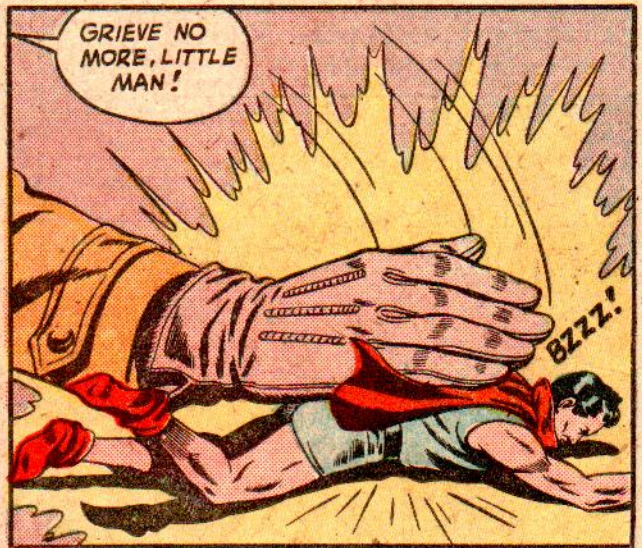
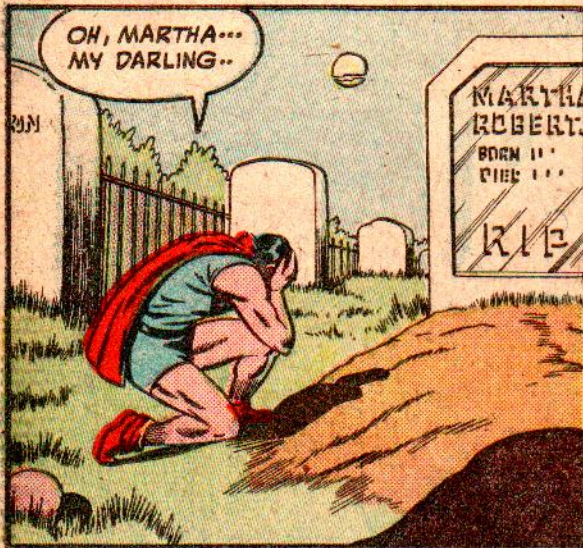
IT'S FROM GLOVES!
A PRETTY OBVIOUS
TRAP... BUT I'M
GOING, ANYWAY!



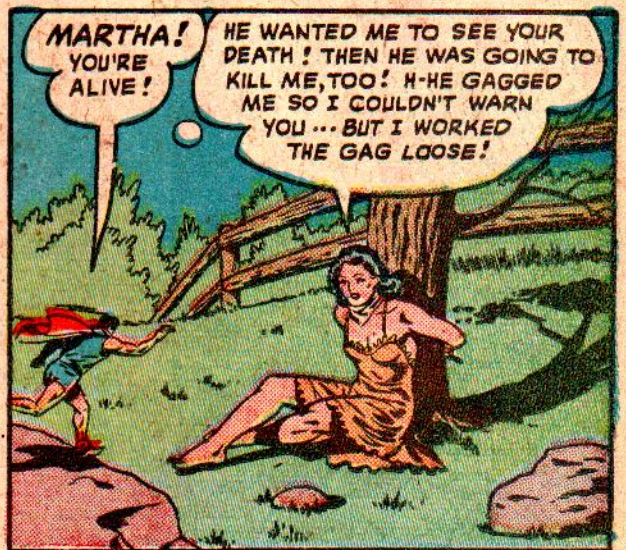
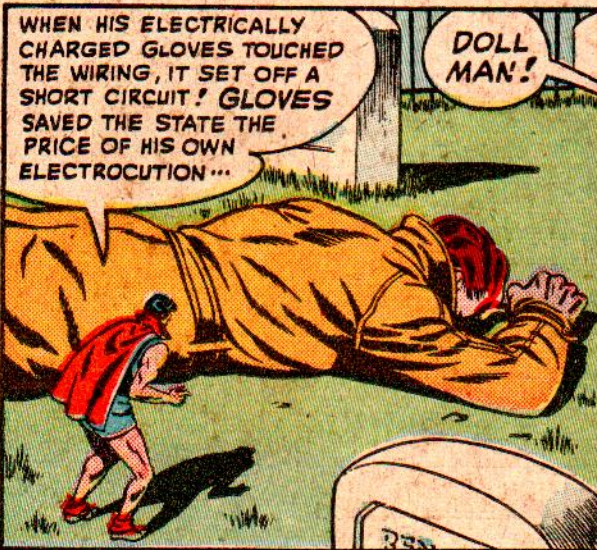
CHUM!
IF YOU WANT TO SEE
HER AGAIN, LET THE
DOLL MAN COME TO
142 DATCHIT ROAD.
IF ANYONE ELSE COMES,
SHE DIES!!

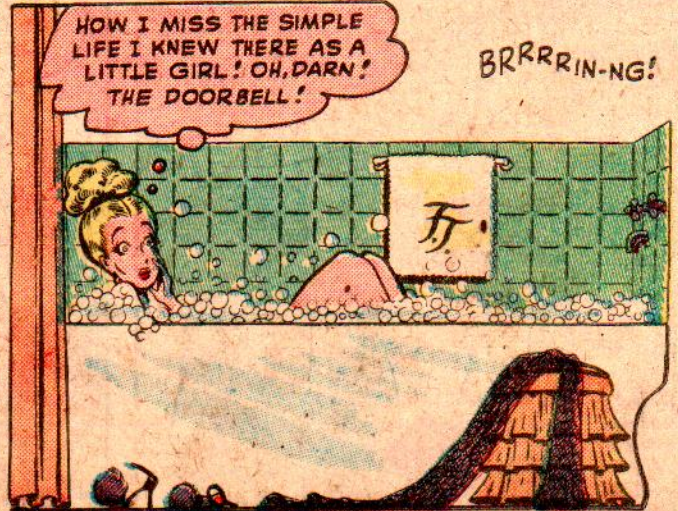
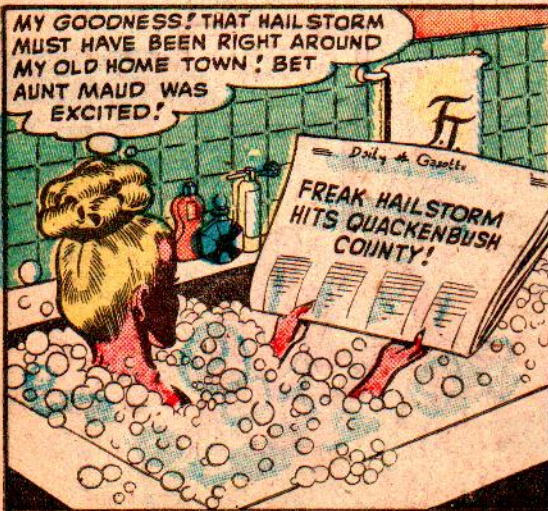
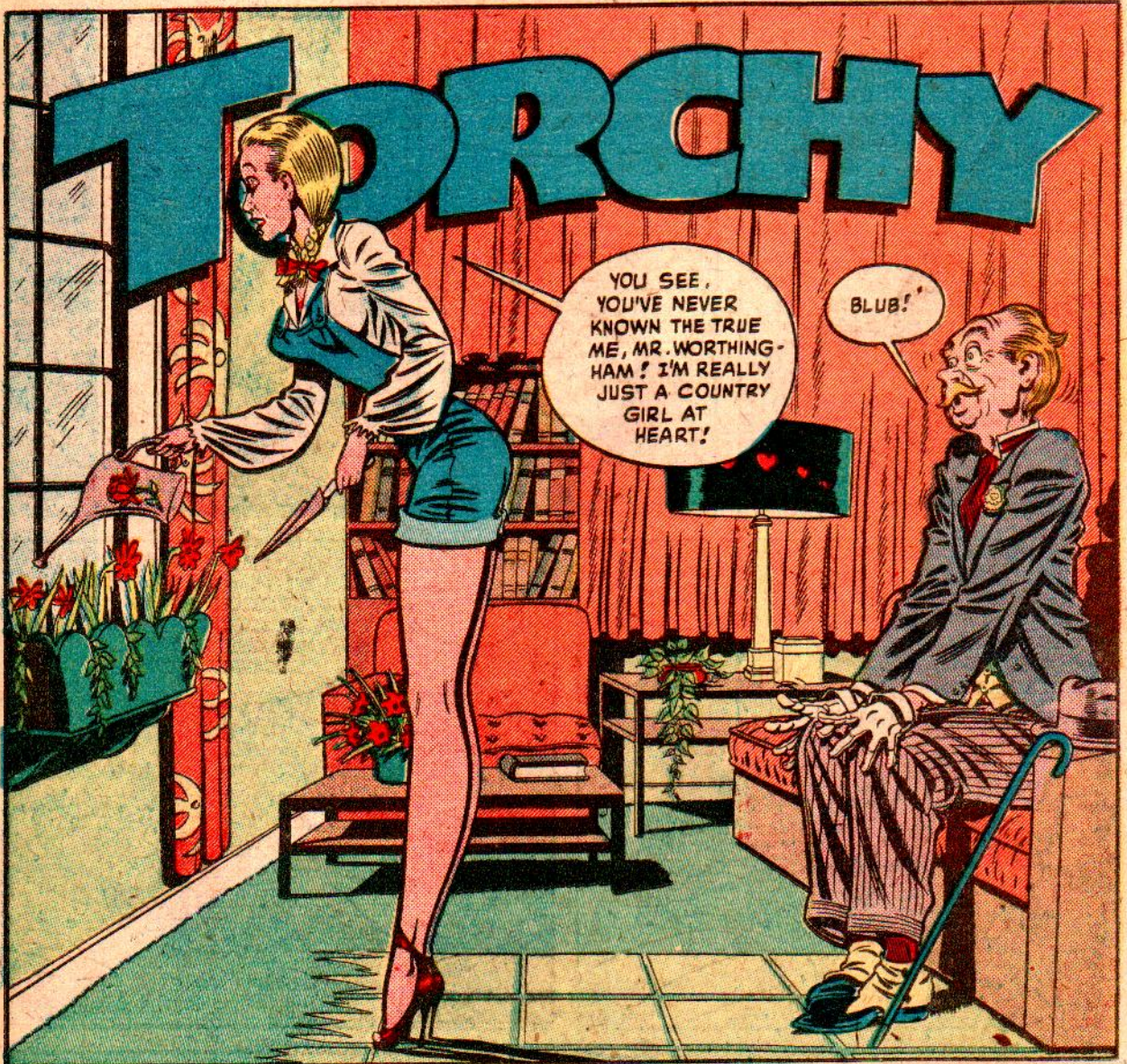


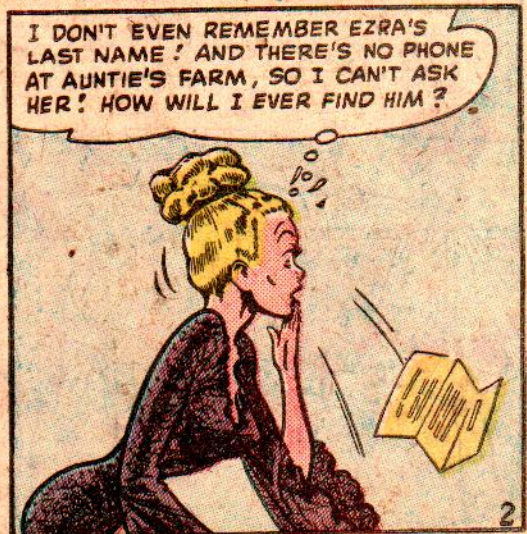
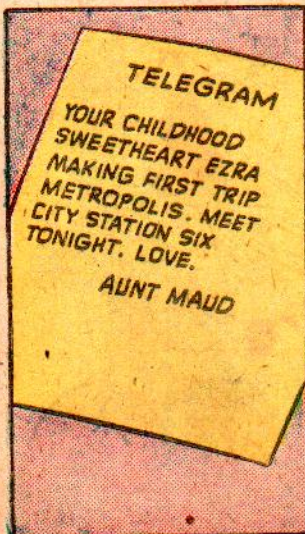
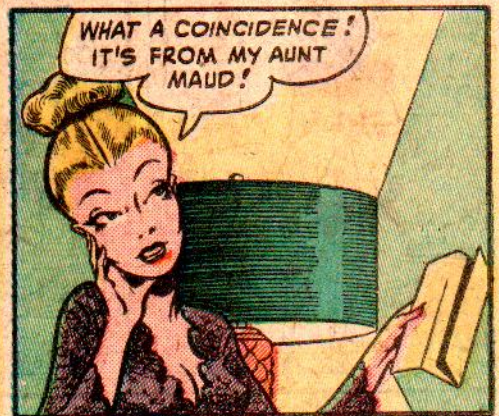
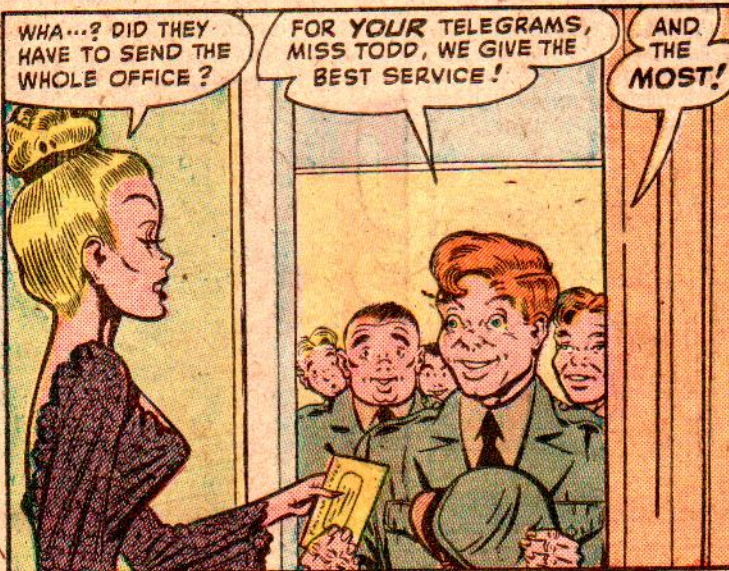
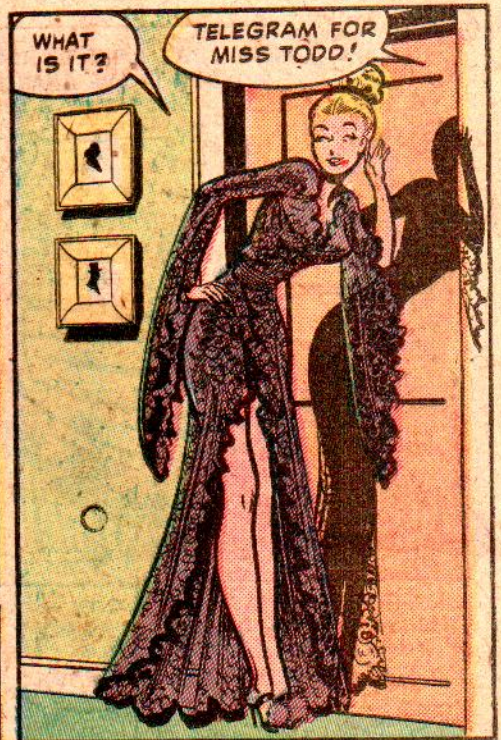
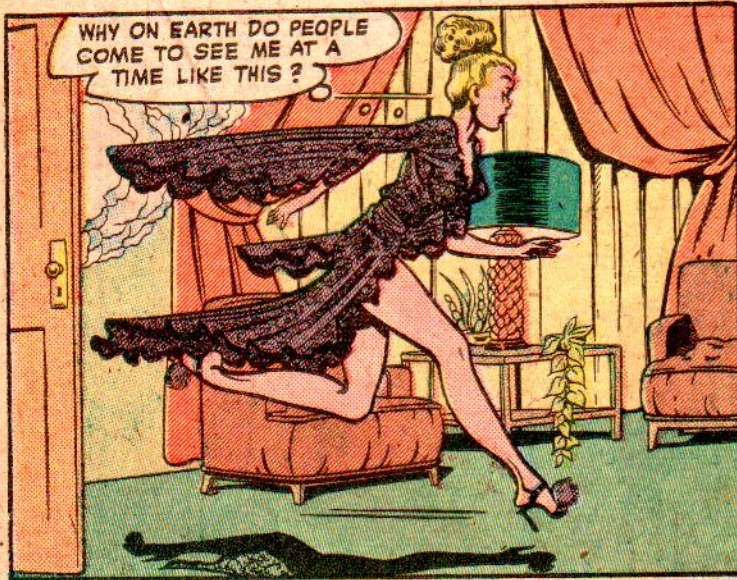
DOLL MAN

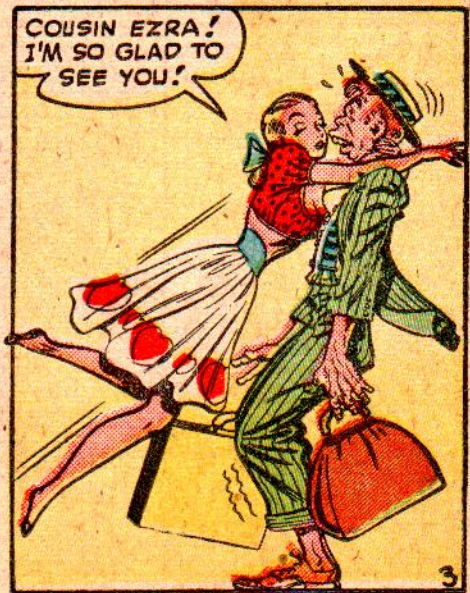
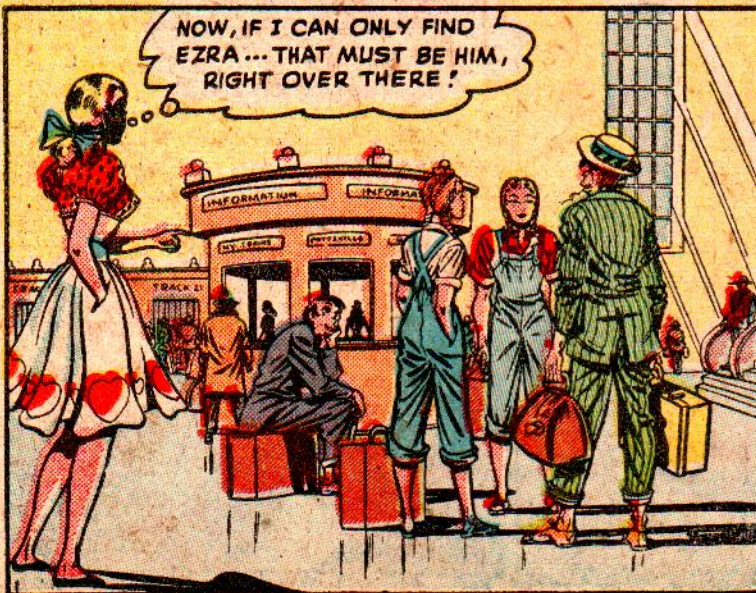
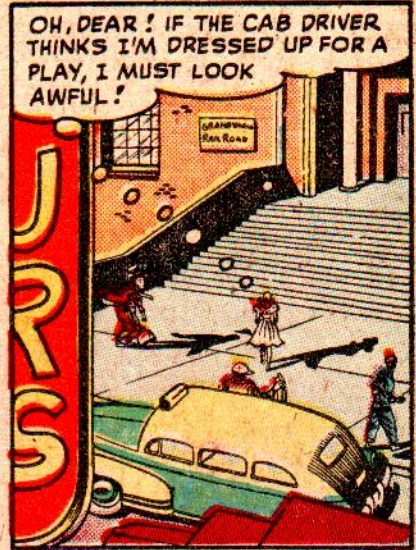
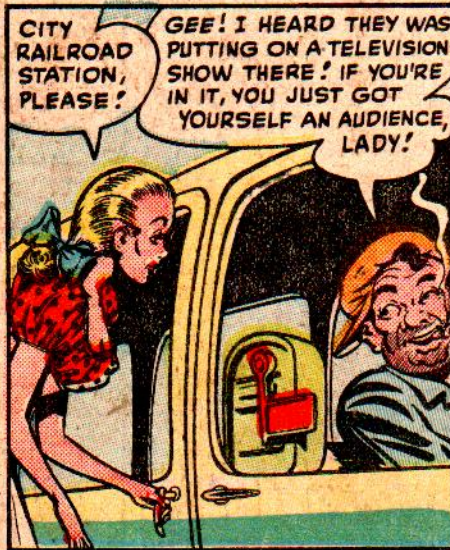
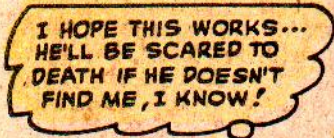


DOLL MAN

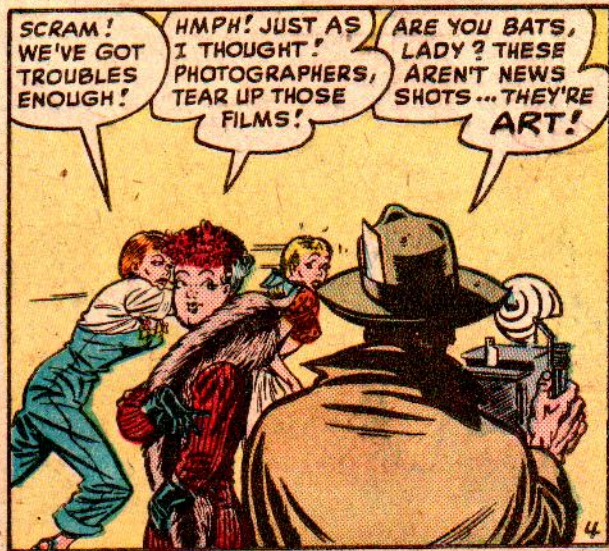
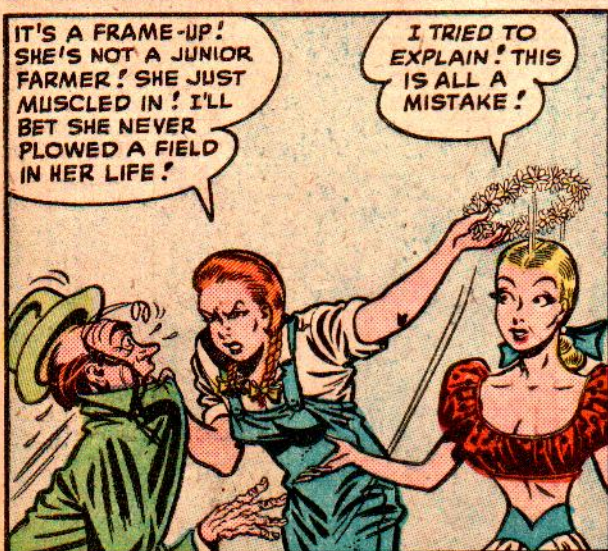
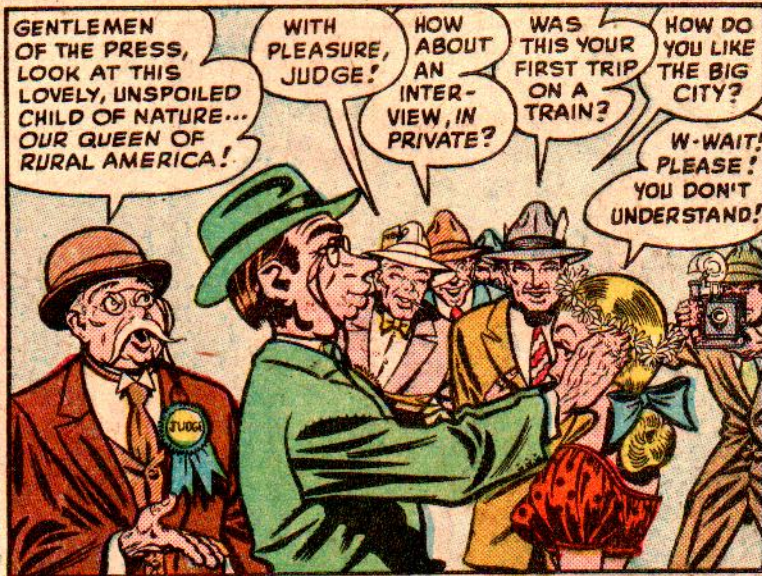
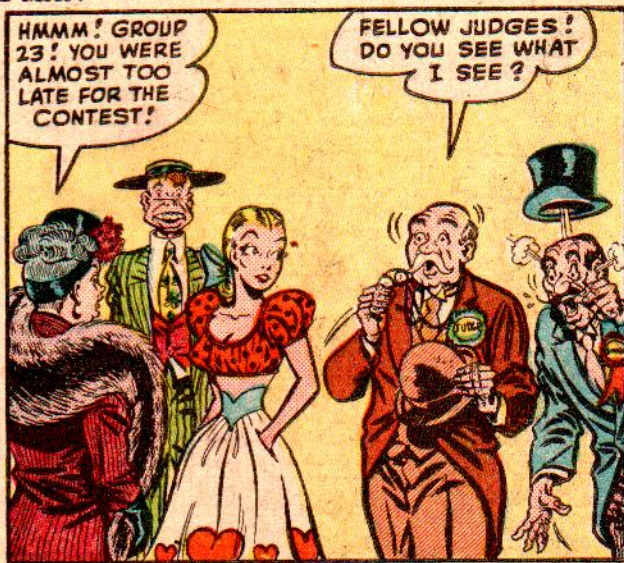
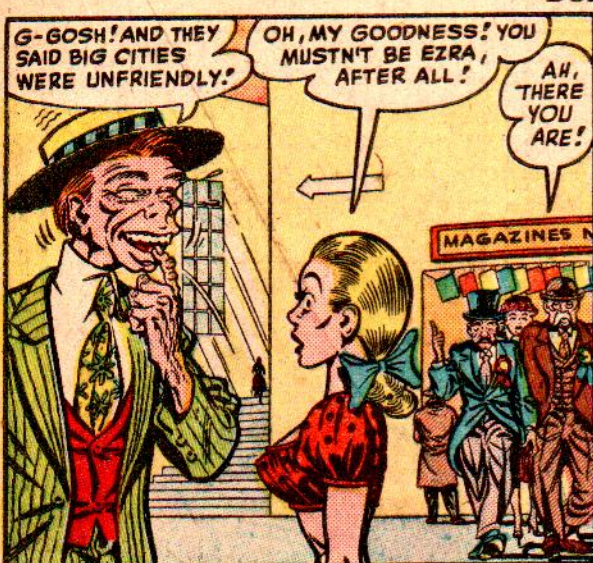


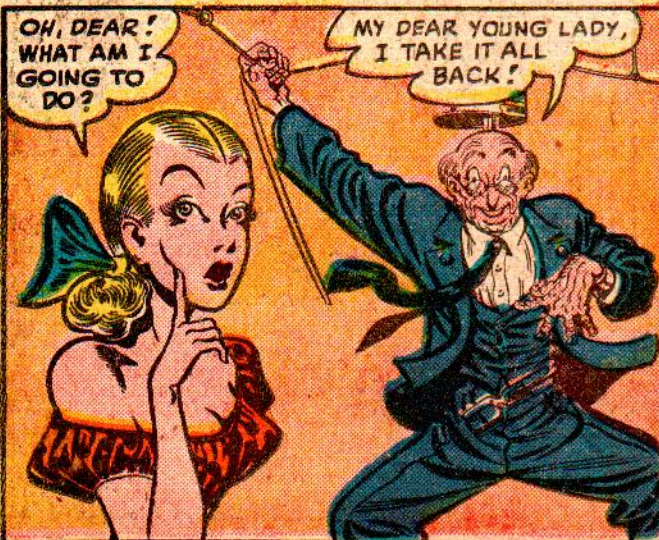
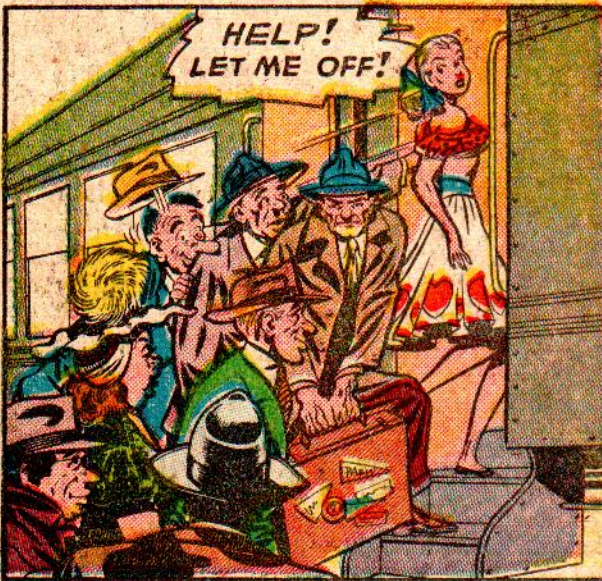
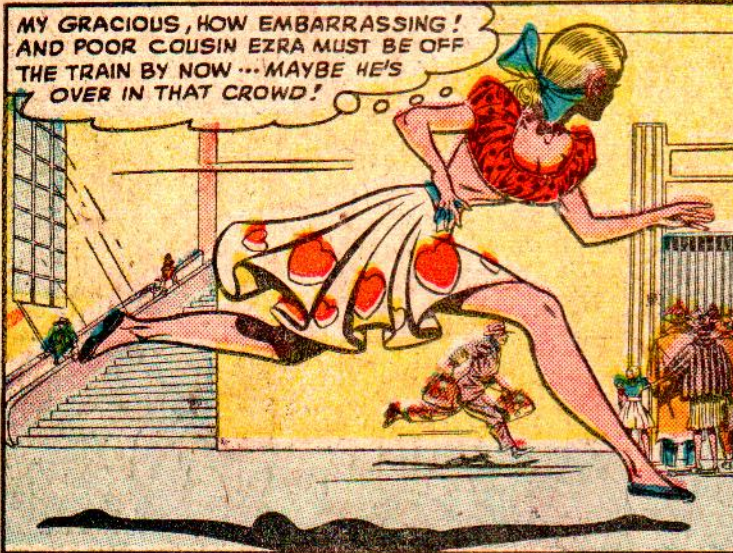




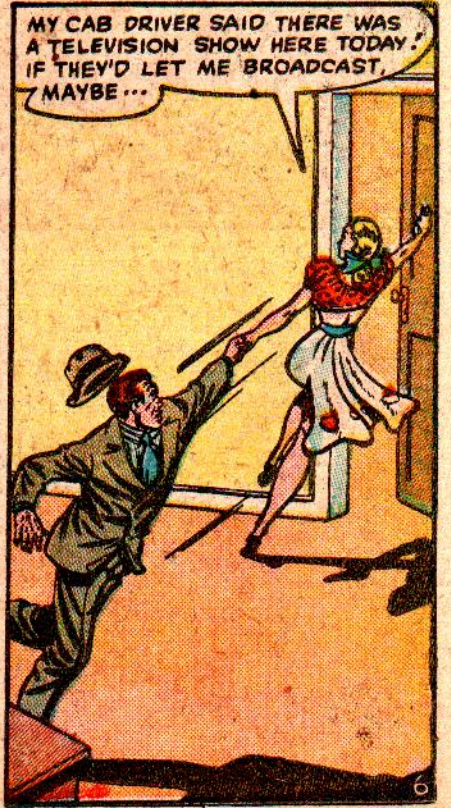
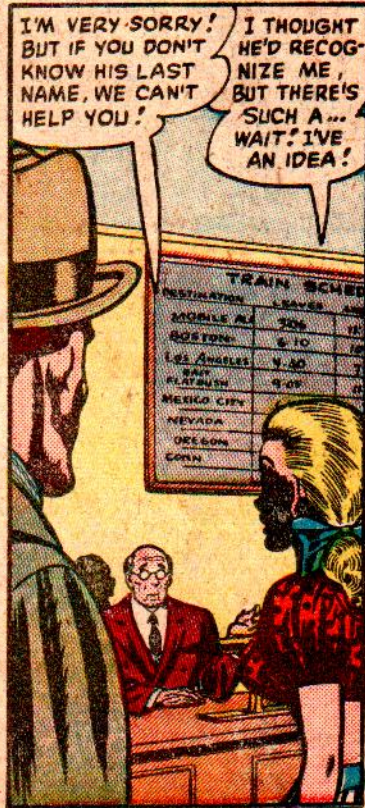
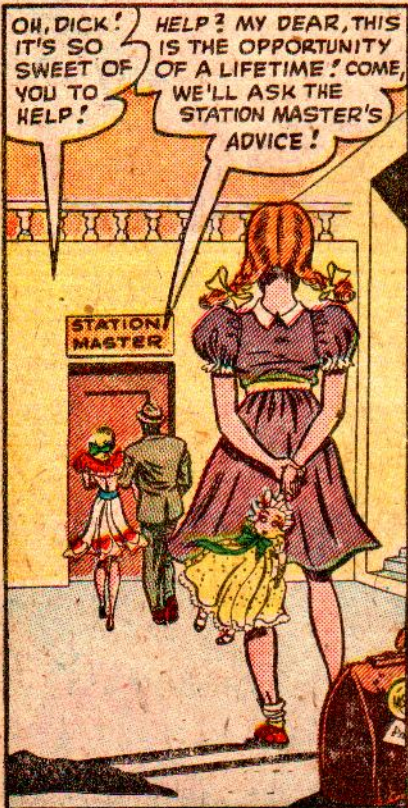
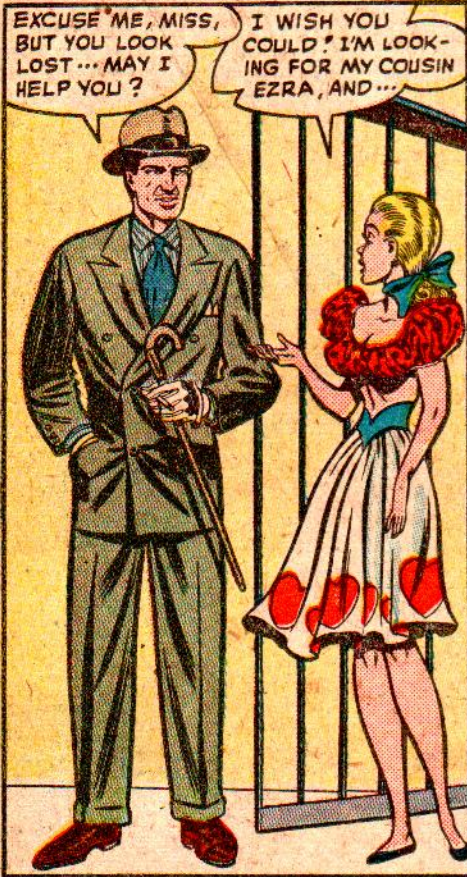


DOLL MAN

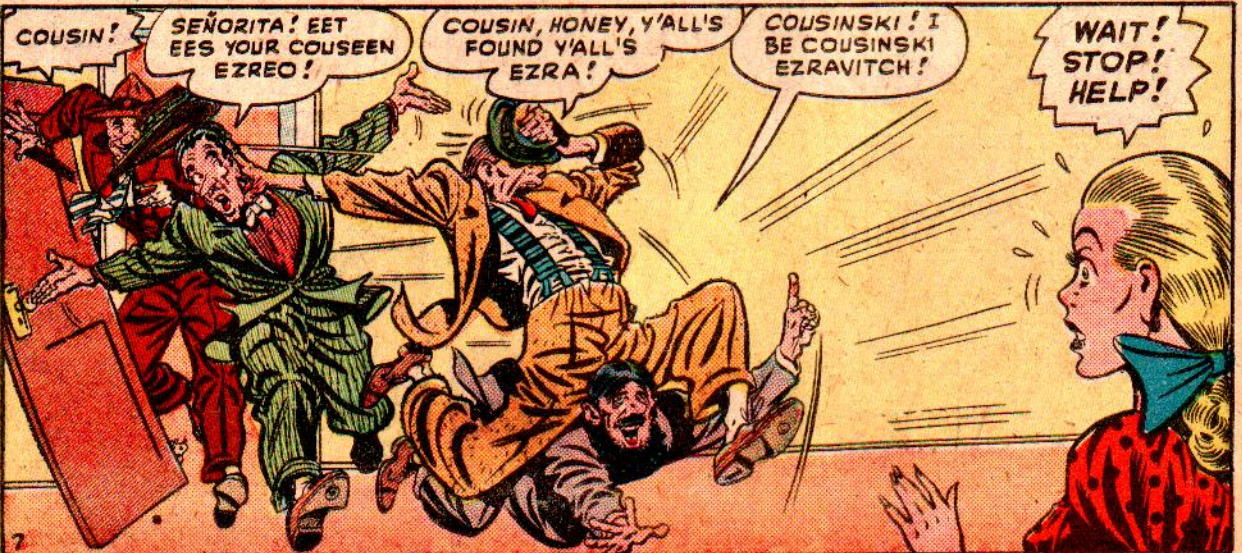
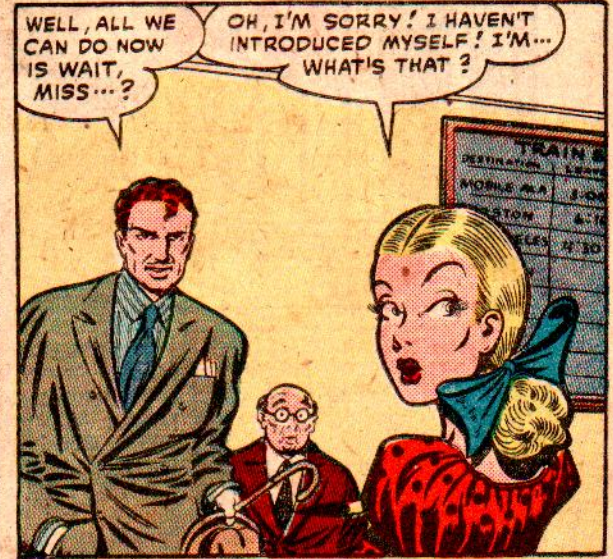
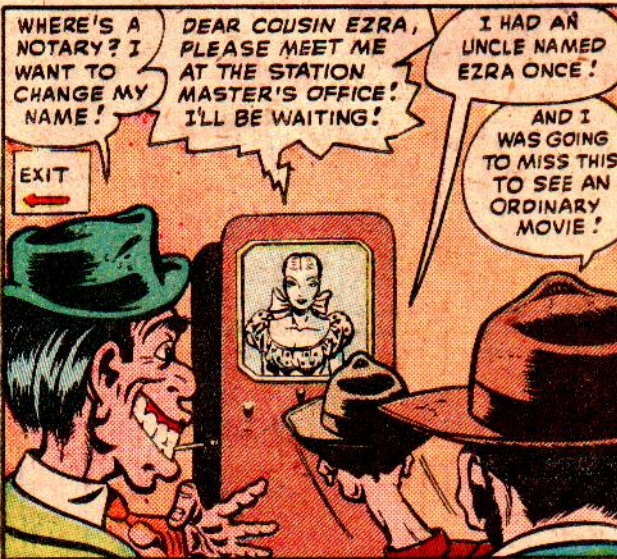
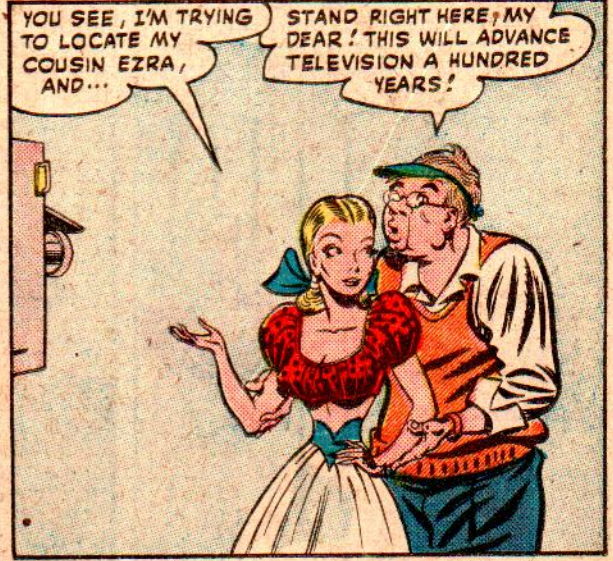
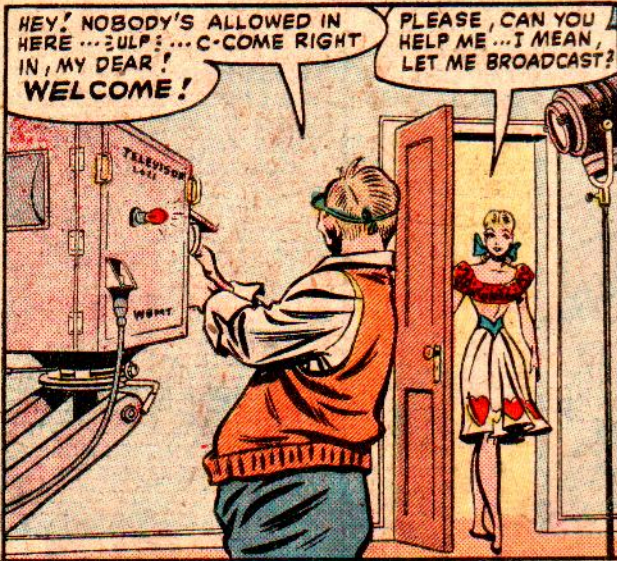




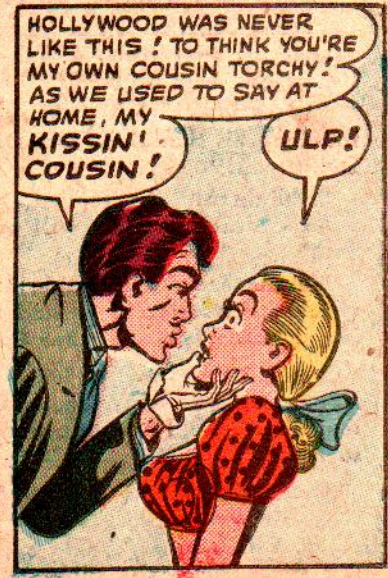
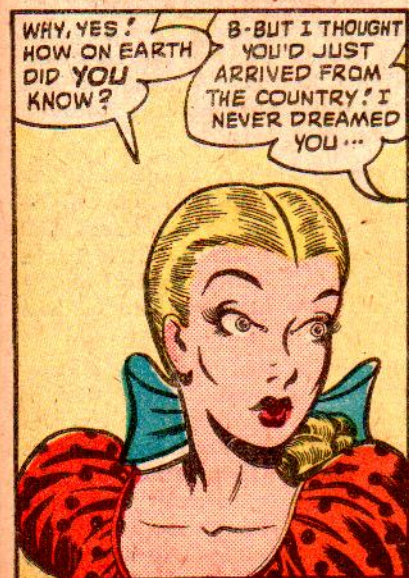
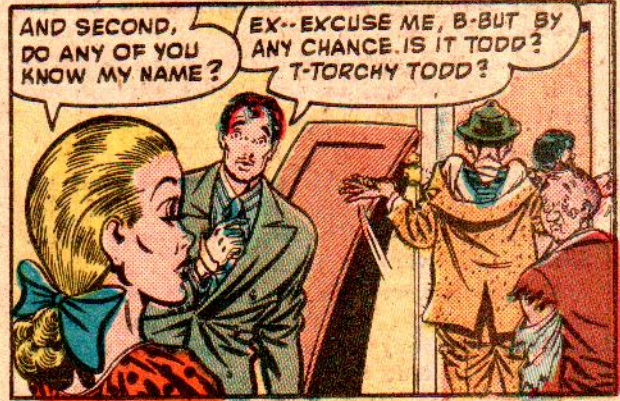
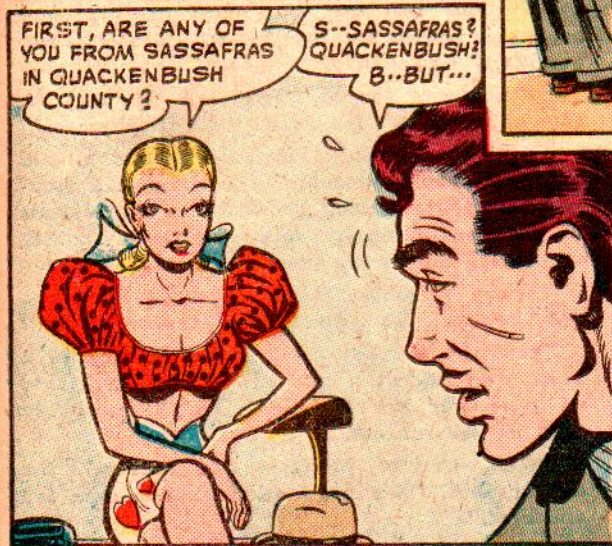
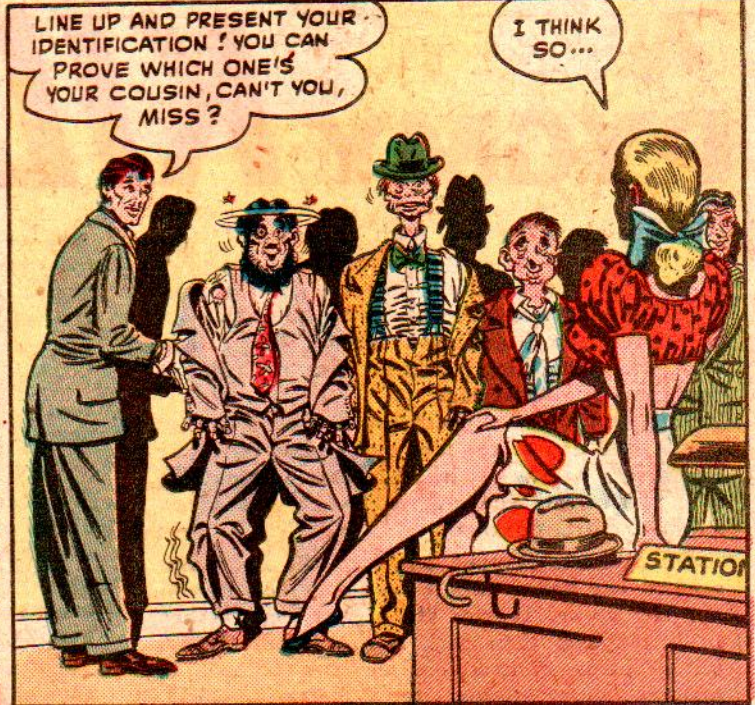
DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN

The PYGMY KILLER

THE night throbbed with the violent beat of drums. The sound waves pulsed through the jungle and bounded into the open spaces. Dr. Roberts' tent seemed to be vibrating as he stirred again and then sat up. This sensation was something entirely new to him. It was the voice of Africa!

He got up and slipped into a robe. Then he opened the flap of the tent and looked out. The night was a jewel, with the stars glimmering over the forest, dim only where the moon cut a swath through them.

Dr. Roberts stepped out into the open and smelled the heavy jungle smells. A lion roared not far away. It was the signal for another to grunt and then roar a thunderous reply. Night birds chattered sleepily overhead. A monkey squealed and as Roberts watched, hurled something at a moving shadow on the ground.

The doctor stood and observed the night as if it were a drama on some strange stage and he the only human being in the audience.

Africa!

He filled and lit his pipe and allowed his thoughts to roam over the vastness of this awesome continent. The thudding drums faded. Silence fell over the jungle.

Martha Roberts, his daughter, yawned and sat up. Smelling the pungent tobacco smoke, she crawled out of her bunk and stepped through the tent flap.

"Dad," she called, "where are you?"

"Here, Martha." The glow of his pipe revealed his presence. "I was restless—thought I'd sit out here awhile."

"It's a lovely night," Martha said, her hand touching his shoulder. "Oh, Dad, I love Africa! Don't you?"

"Delightful," he replied. "I only hope my work on the tsetse fly will be half as delightful."

Martha sat down beside him on a log. "It would be wonderful to find a cure for sleeping sickness. It would save thousands of lives."

"Yes, it would, Daughter. And we must get started on our experiments first thing in the morning. . . . I wonder why the bearers are so quiet?"

Dr. Roberts and Martha had been on the trek for two weeks. Always before, the bearers had done considerable mumbling and singing throughout the night. But tonight there

was no sound from the outer circle of the clearing. Odd that the natives should be sleeping so soundly.

"What was that?" said Martha in a whisper.

"I heard nothing." Dr. Roberts listened intently. He shook his head. "Maybe my ears are too old."

"No. There it is again, Dad. . . . Oh, look!"

Suddenly around them on every side materialized a horde of little men, all armed to the teeth with long bows and spears. They were hardly four feet tall, but many of them had enormous beards and mats of woolly hair. They grimaced ferociously.

Dr. Roberts gasped, "Pygmies! My heavens, they must have done away with the bearers!"

The Pygmy leader began chattering and pointing. Then several of the little men stepped forward and took Dr. Roberts and Martha by the arms. Quickly ropes were thrown about them and they were bound securely.

"We're prisoners!" exclaimed Dr. Roberts. "My heavens, Daughter! What are we to do?"

"Just don't resist them," said Martha in a voice that hadn't a quaver. "Darrel will find us wherever we're taken. They'll probably hold us for ransom."

"Well, they're preparing to march," the doctor said. "We'll go quietly and hope for the best."

More than a week before this episode took place, Darrel Dane had boarded a Clipper plane and taken off for Dakar. He had not expected to leave for Africa for another two weeks, but he had had no word from Martha Roberts, his fiancée. He was worried.

When he arrived at Dakar, he quickly arranged for a private plane to land him in the interior of Uganda. He had wired ahead for an outfit. The plane was a speedy little cabin job and Darrel reached Entebbe, capital of the protectorate, a full two hours before he had planned.

He wasted no time at the outfitting station in Entebbe, but took off immediately with a dozen bearers and a tracker. A few miles from the city they picked up the trail Dr. Roberts and Martha had taken. They stuck to the trail for five days, hoping to meet a runner from the doctor's party. None came, and Darrel Dane became a bit panicky. He urged the trackers to push ahead as fast as possible.

DOLL MAN

The pace became so fast that the bearers began grumbling and the tracker advised Darrel that he would have to slow down.

"We're not slowing down until I know something about the fate of my friends," Darrel retorted. "If the bearers think the pace too fast, they can quit now."

The tracker was a good man. Darrel offered him double pay, and he quieted the bearers. The very next day the party arrived at the spot in the clearing where the Pygmies had jumped the Roberts party.

The native tracker could read the signs easily.

"Pygmies," he stated. "They jump friends here. Kill bearers. Friends taken away. We hurry, else Pygmy kill friends."

A cold perspiration broke out all over Darrel's body. Martha in the hands of those blood-thirsty little Pygmies! It was almost too much for him. Then he got a grip on himself. It would be a race for life now.

Meanwhile, Dr. Roberts and Martha had been marched to the stockade of the Pygmies. It was a large, walled village of wattle huts, all of them too low for a normal adult to stand erect in. They had been shoved inside one of these smelly huts, and a guard was posted at the door.

"What are we to do now?" said Dr. Roberts. "This is a pretty mess!"

Martha tried to keep up a brave front. "Dad, I know Darrel will find us. He's probably on his way here now."

Her father sighed. "Yes, but it may be too late. My experiments will never materialize! And you, Daughter. To think that you—"

"Listen!" Martha held up a hand. There was a great shouting in the compound. "Something is happening out there." She tried to peek past the surly little guard, but he pointed his spear at her and growled.

The noise was the arrival of Darrel Dane and his safari. They were met at the gate by a mob of ferocious little men, ready to do battle. But the hulking Uganda warriors in Darrel's party forced the gate and stalked inside. A shower of arrows greeted them and two or three fell, wounded. This caused the other Uganda men to swing into action. They hurled their heavy spears and mowed down the front row of the Pygmies. The others fell back, stopped for the moment.

Darrel's big tracker then began a harangue, and the Pygmy chief listened. When it had ended, he too spoke. Of course, Darrel could understand nothing of what was said on either side. But he saw the reaction, and it wasn't good. And while the two chiefs had been talk-

ing, a large party of the Pygmies had crept closer to the Uganda men.

Now they leaped upon them, sheer numbers doing what lack of weight couldn't have accomplished. In a few minutes it was all over. Darrel's party were prisoners, tied up like pigs for market. But Darrel was nowhere to be seen. He had vanished completely.

During the melee, Dr. Roberts' guard had wandered away from the prison hut, giving Martha and her father an opportunity to witness part of the reception. But they had not seen Darrel.

"Who can they be?" said Martha. "It isn't Darrel. He isn't with them. Oh, Dad!"

"Easy, Daughter, easy," soothed the old man. "There's nothing we can do."

As the elated Pygmies gathered about the trussed up bodies of their enemies, a strange being leaped among them. It was a tiny mite of a man, not a fourth as large as the biggest Pygmy. It sped this way and that, leaped high, rushed back and forth. And each time it leaped, a Pygmy careened backward from a blow on the chin.

There was a loud wailing and a great clashing of spears. But no weapon could touch the little mite. Within a few minutes the newcomer had knocked out two dozen of the best Pygmy warriors. The others soon were ready to call it a day. Little did they know that even with their full fighting strength, they would be no match for the invincible Doll Man, who was none other than Darrel Dane.

Only two persons knew the secret power of Darrel Dane; knew that by a mighty effort of will he could concentrate the molecules of his body into the tiny figure of the Doll Man—nemesis of crime.

After the chief of the Pygmies laid down his spear, his tribesmen followed his example. The interval gave Darrel time to slip behind a hut and assume his natural stature. When Dr. Roberts and Martha came on the scene, Darrel and the chief were exchanging signs of universal friendship.

"Oh, I knew you'd come in time, Darrel!" cried Martha. "But I didn't think you had arrived yet."

Dr. Roberts shook hands. "You always arrive in the nick of time, Darrel my boy. It looked pretty dark for a while. Now I believe I can go on with my work."

"Yes," said Darrel, "my little trick has completely conquered the Pygmies. They are ready to be friends and help in every way they can—thanks to the Doll Man."

"Yes, thanks to the Doll Man," said Martha. "It's wonderful to be in on a secret like that."

The

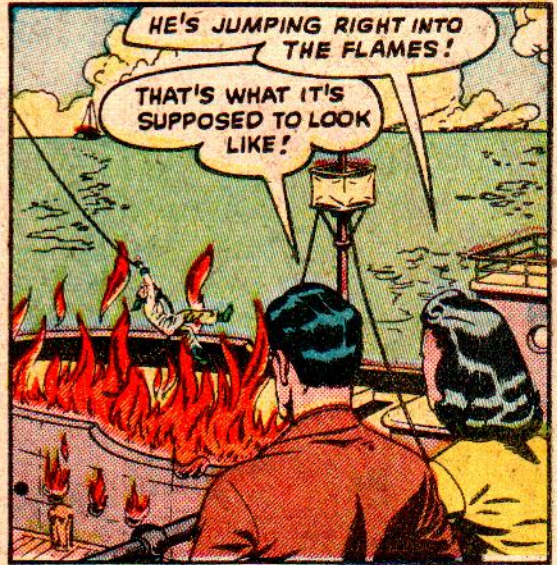
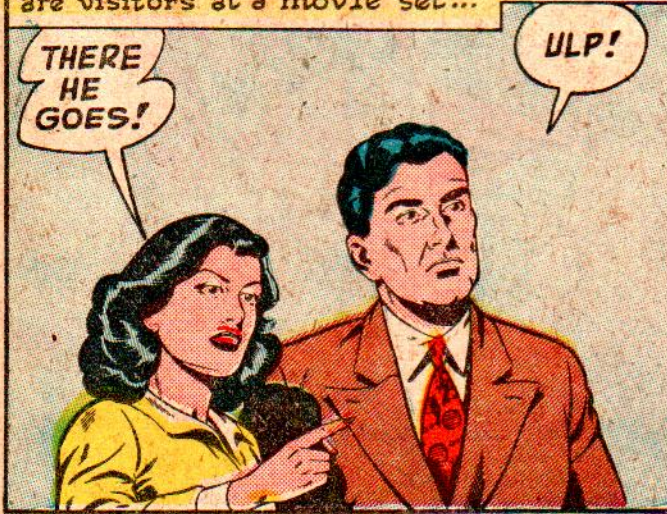
DOLL MAN



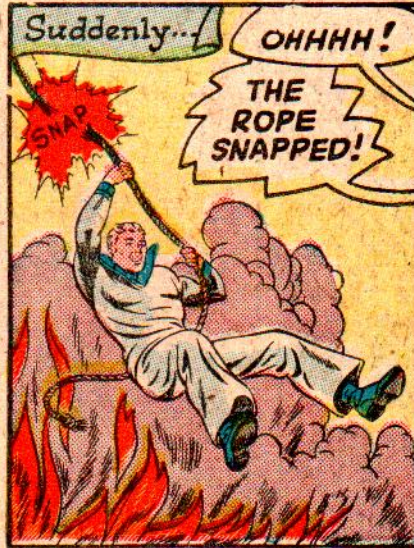
Danger is his business! He practices for peril and laughs in the face of death! Yet the **DOLL MAN** meets an opponent who can match him trick for trick in daring and skill, when he crosses the trail of

STUNT MAN!

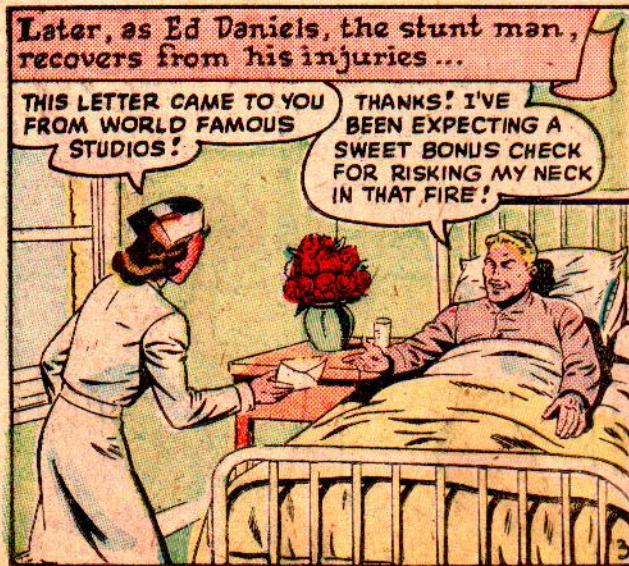
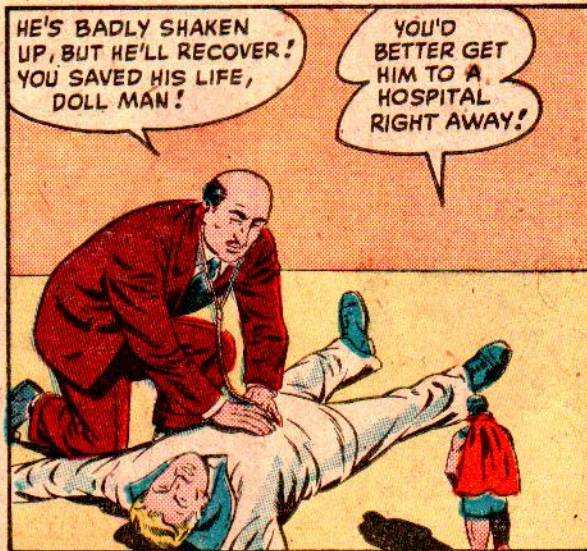
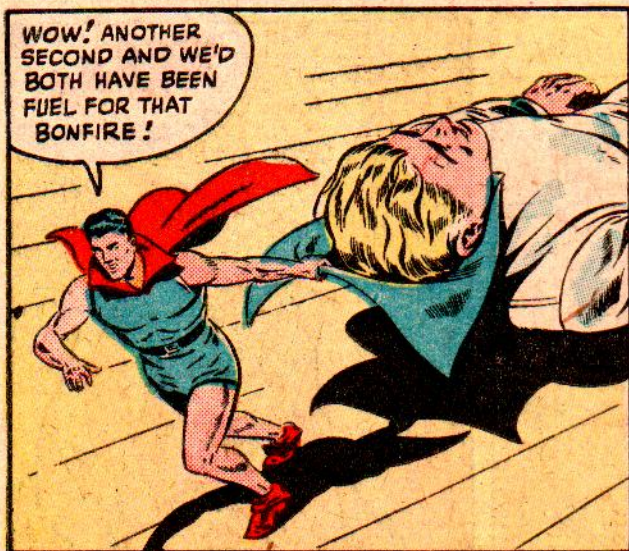
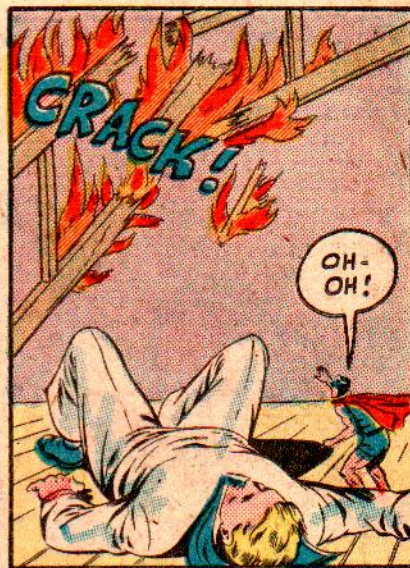
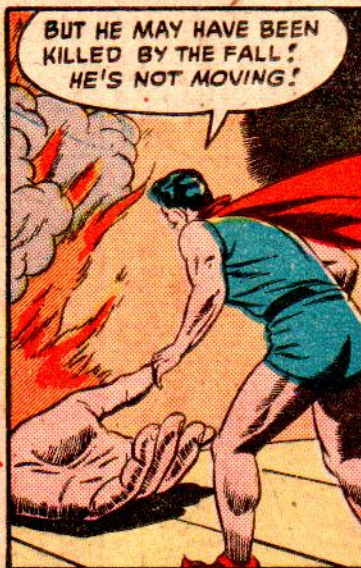
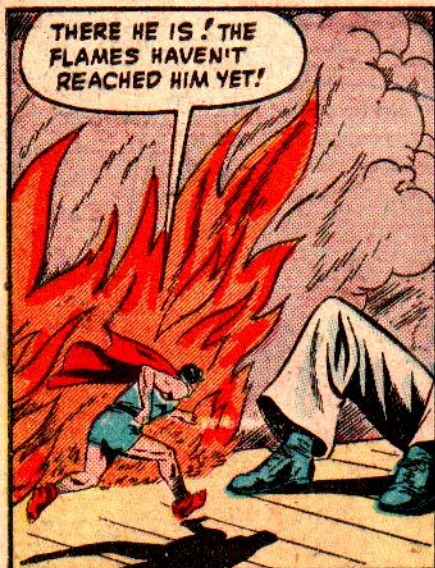
Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, are visitors at a movie set...



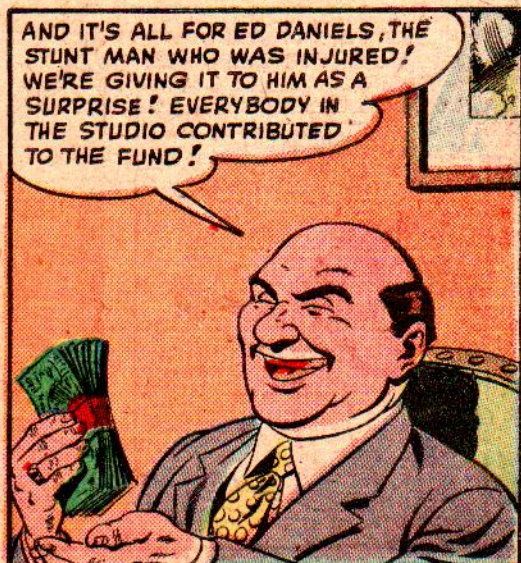
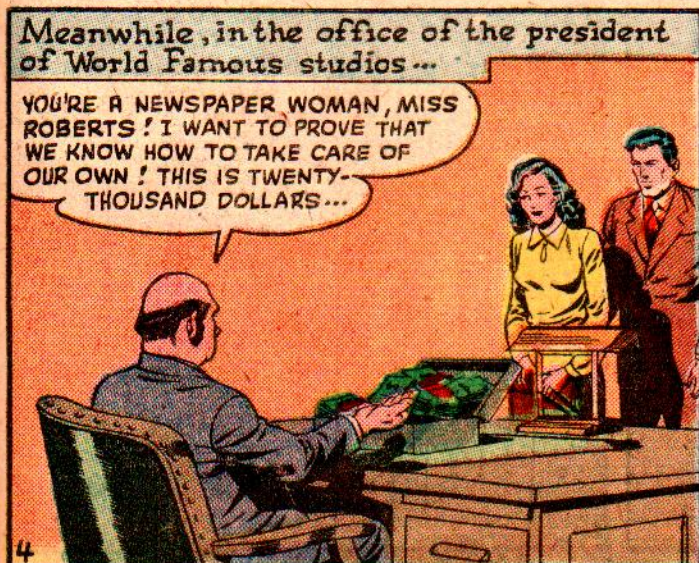
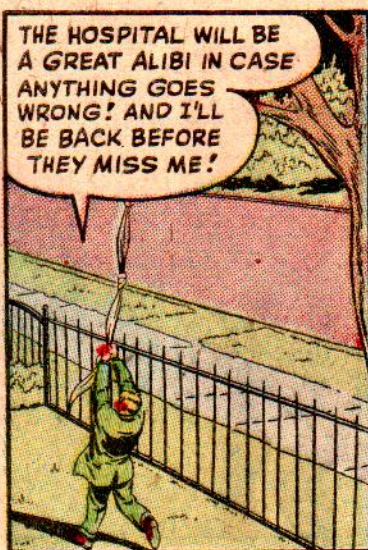
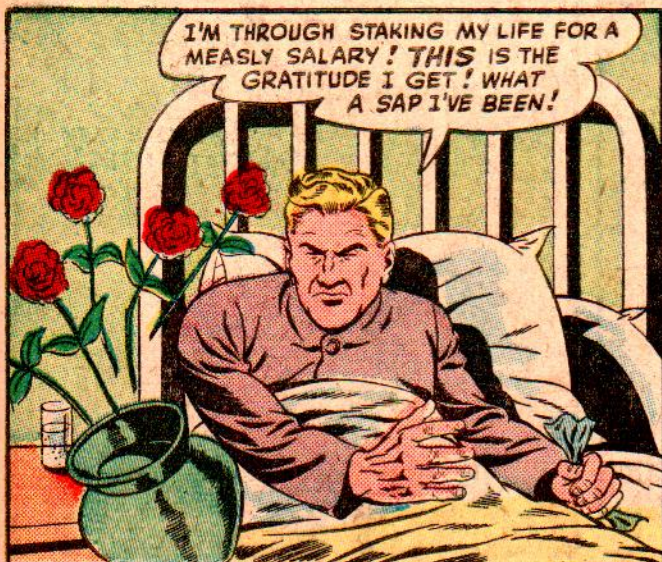
ACTUALLY, THE ROPE WILL CARRY HIM THROUGH BEFORE HE'S BURNED! IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A STUNT MAN!

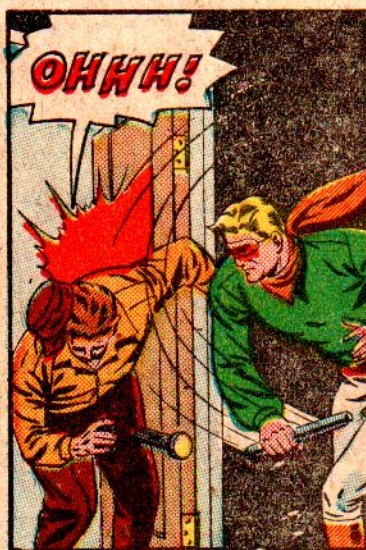
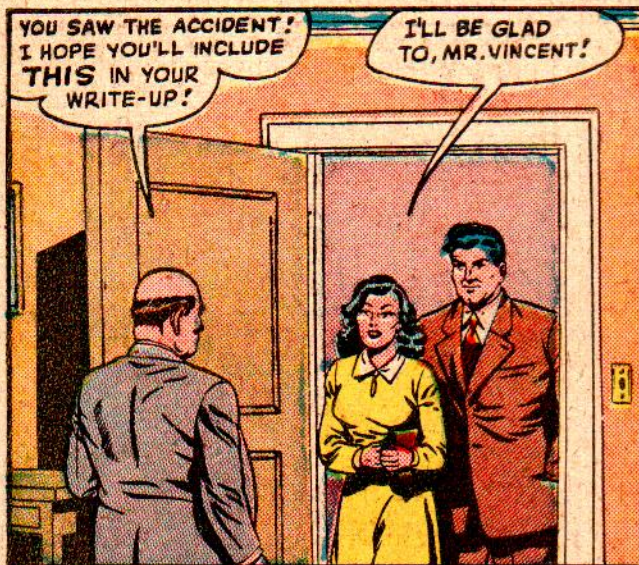


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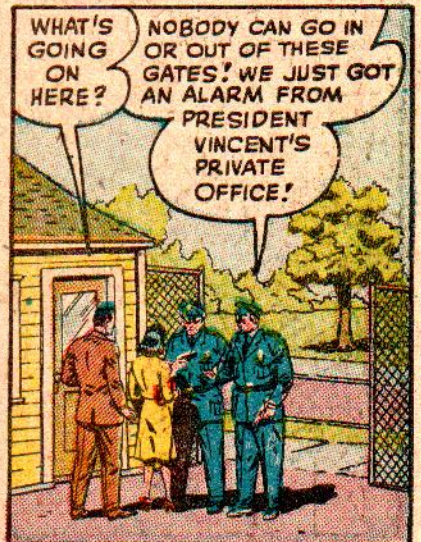
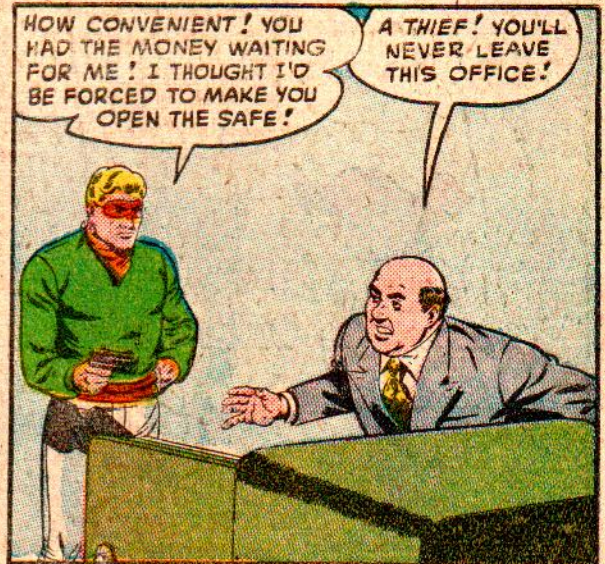
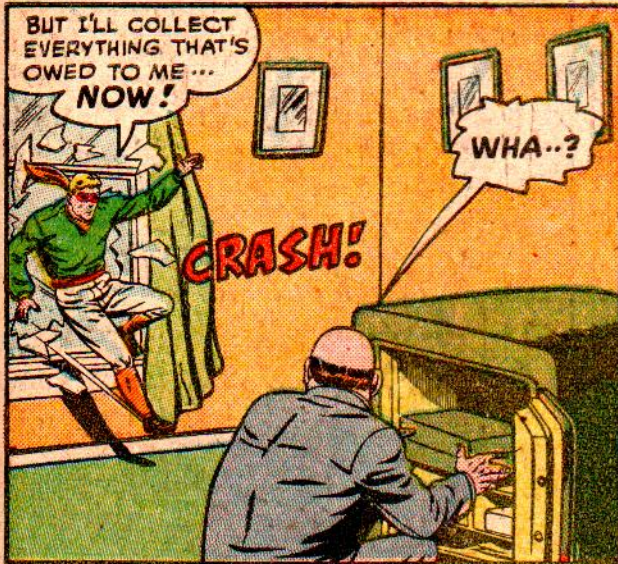


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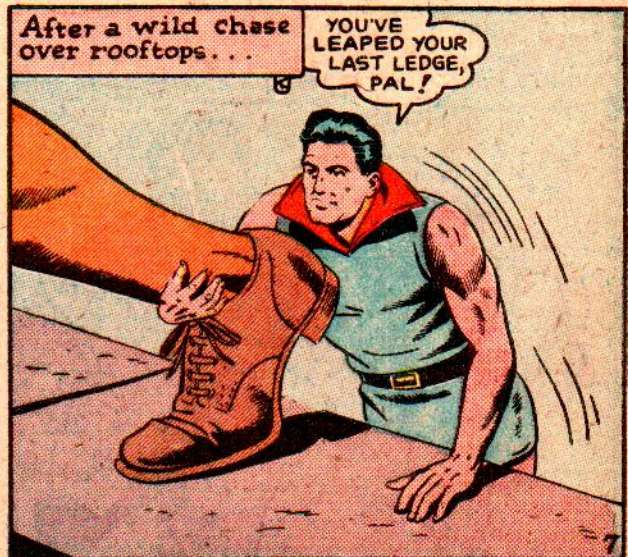
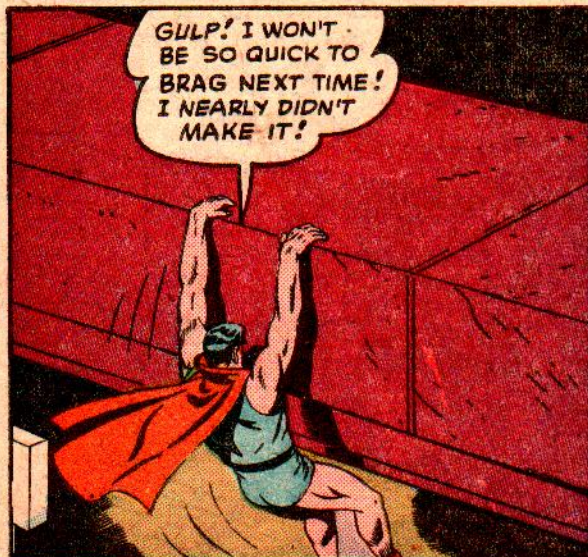
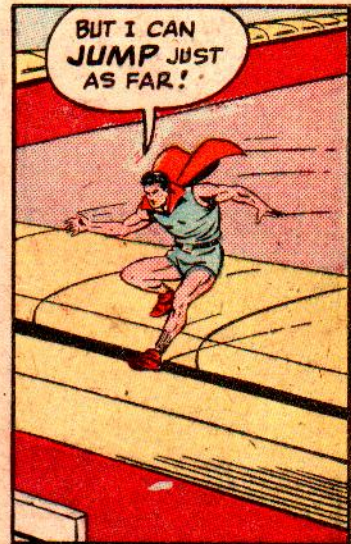
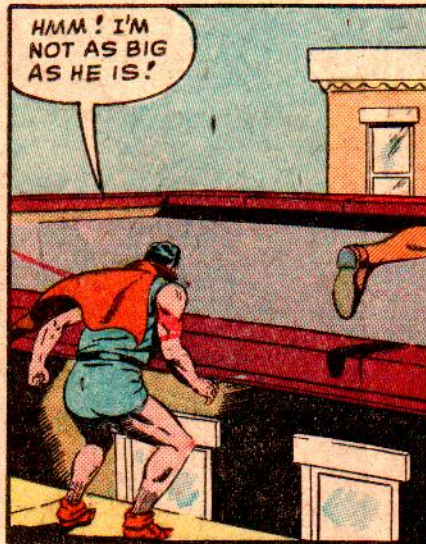
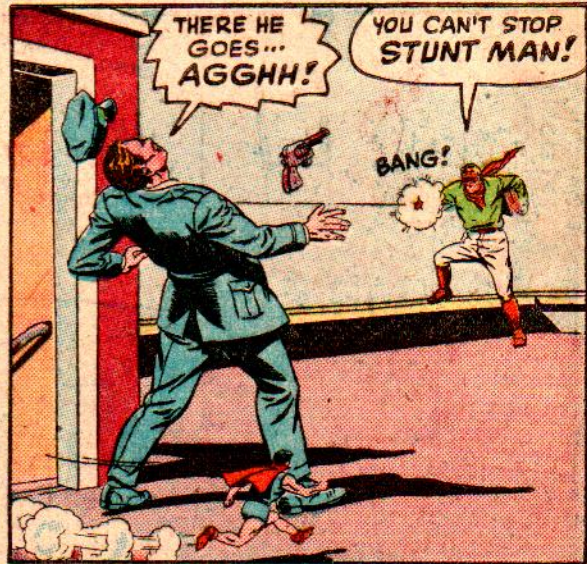
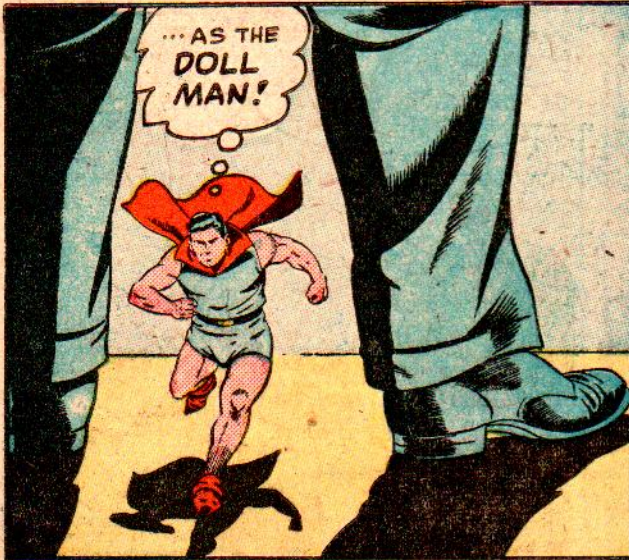


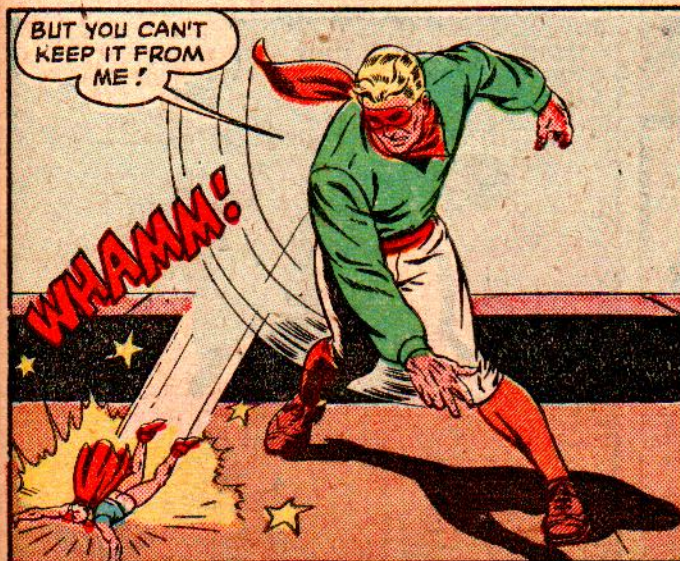
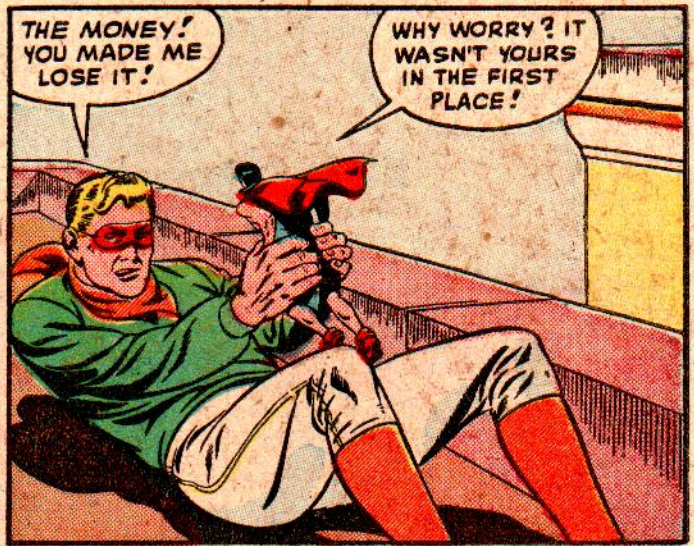
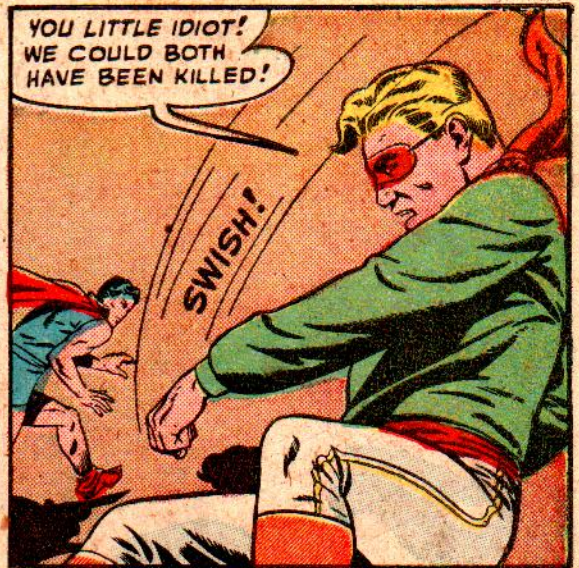
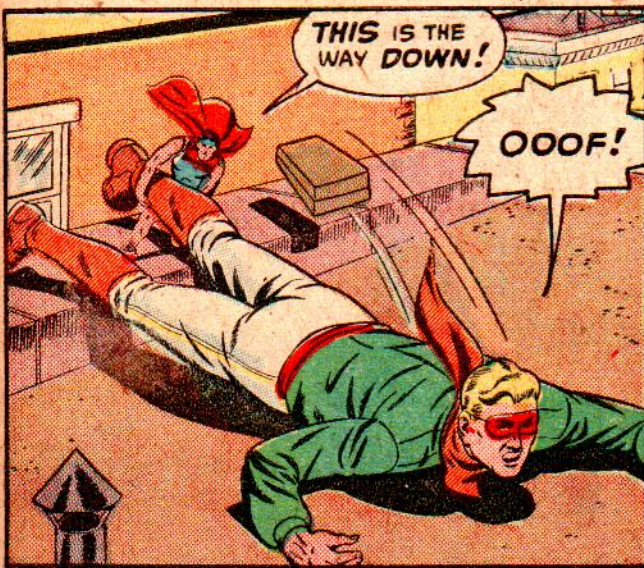


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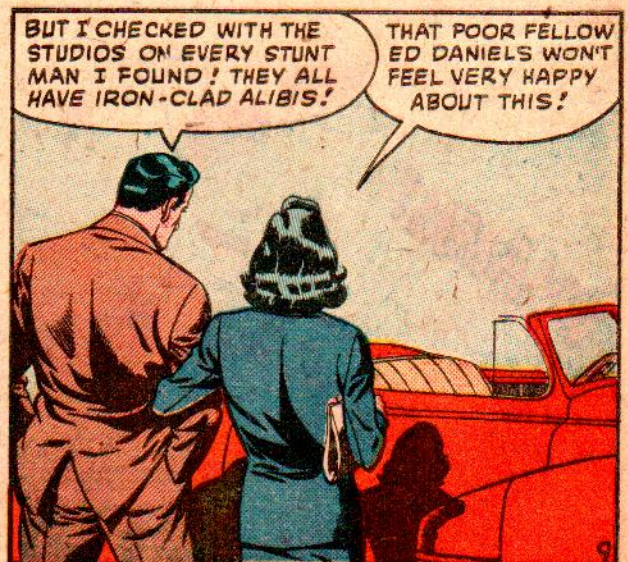
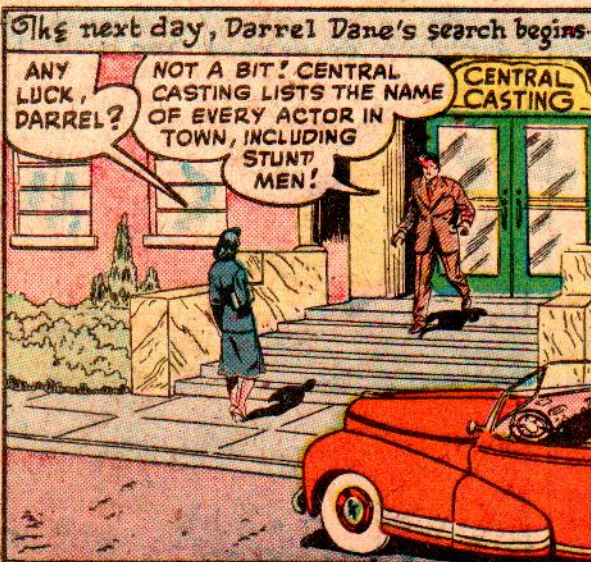
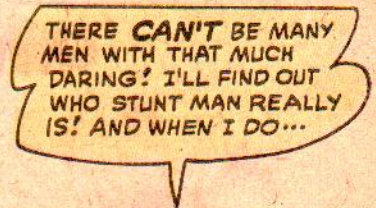
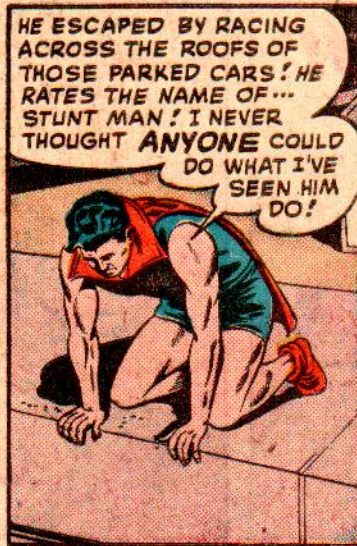
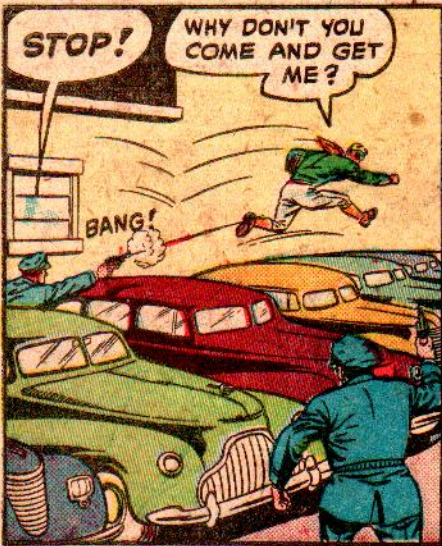
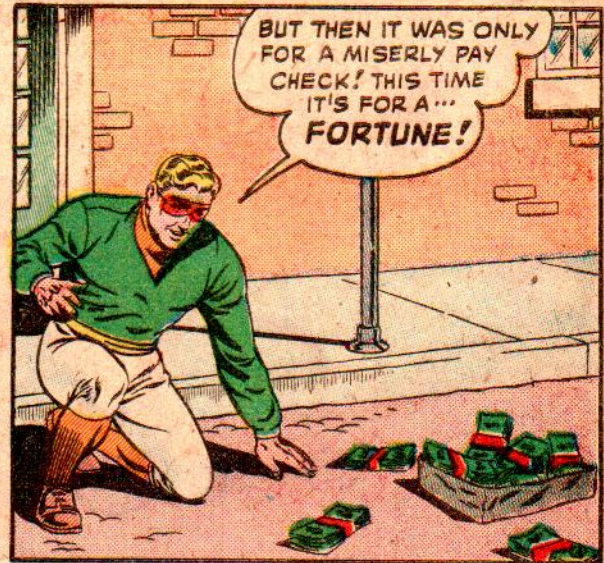
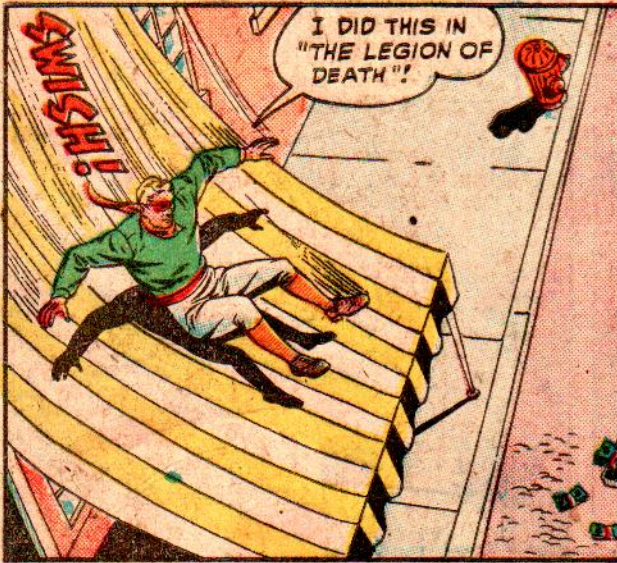


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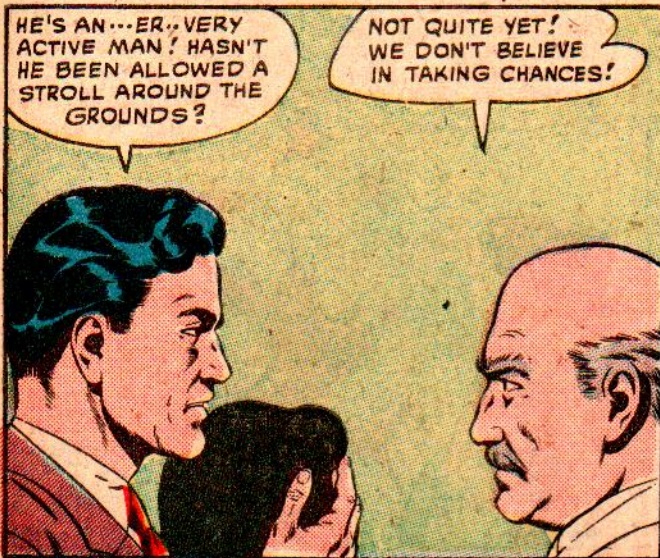
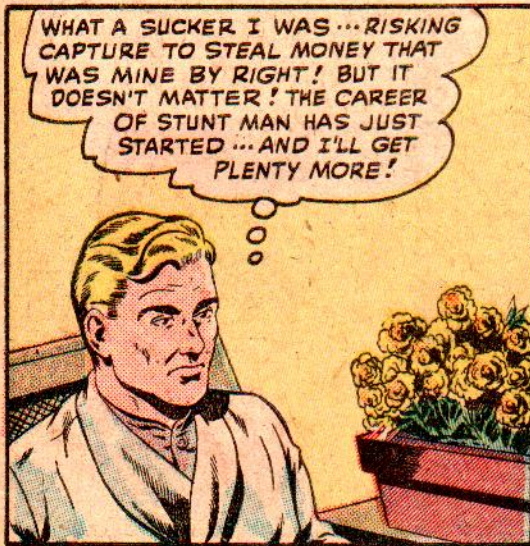
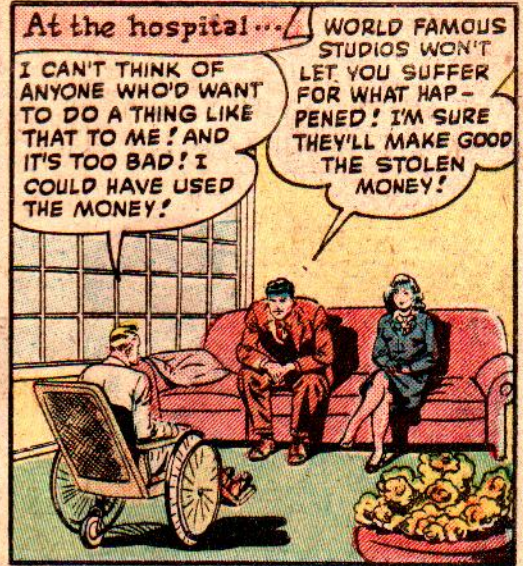




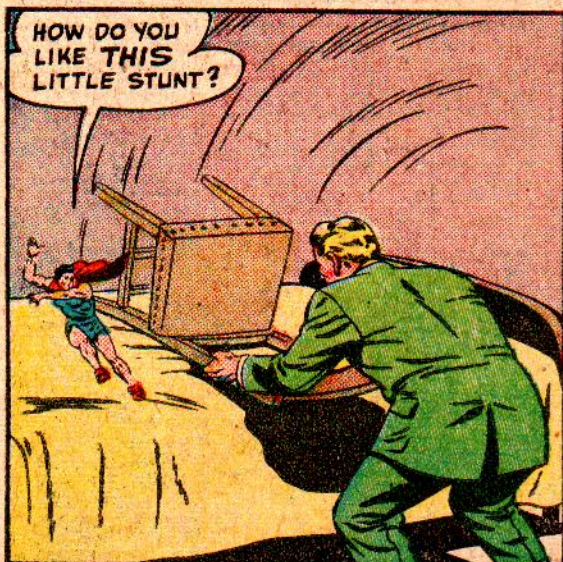
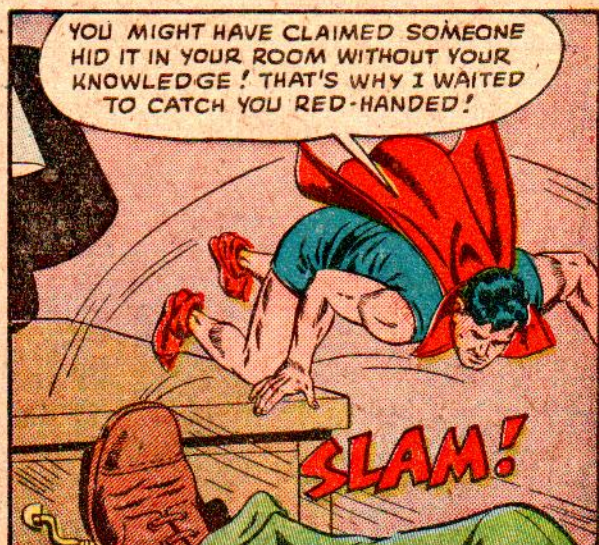
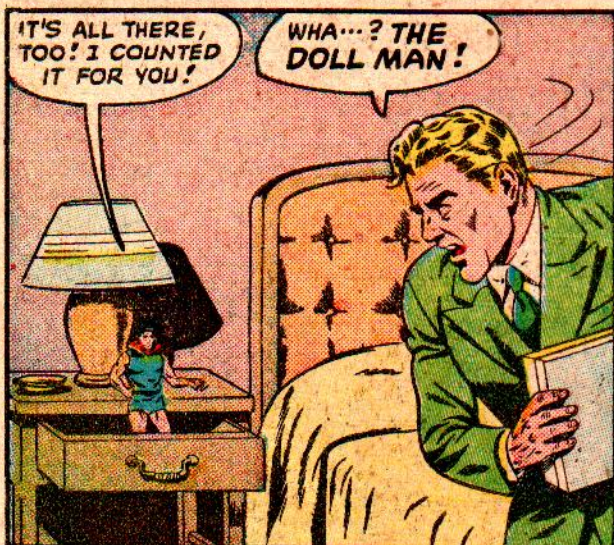
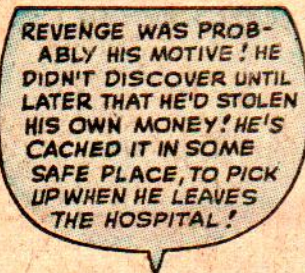
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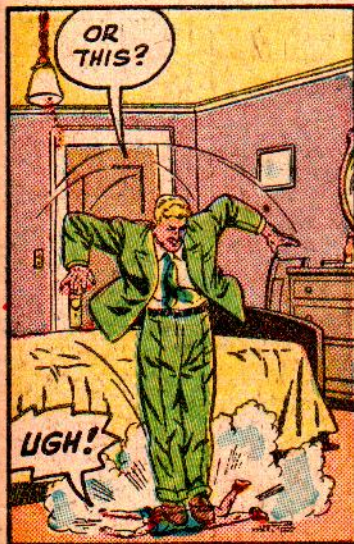
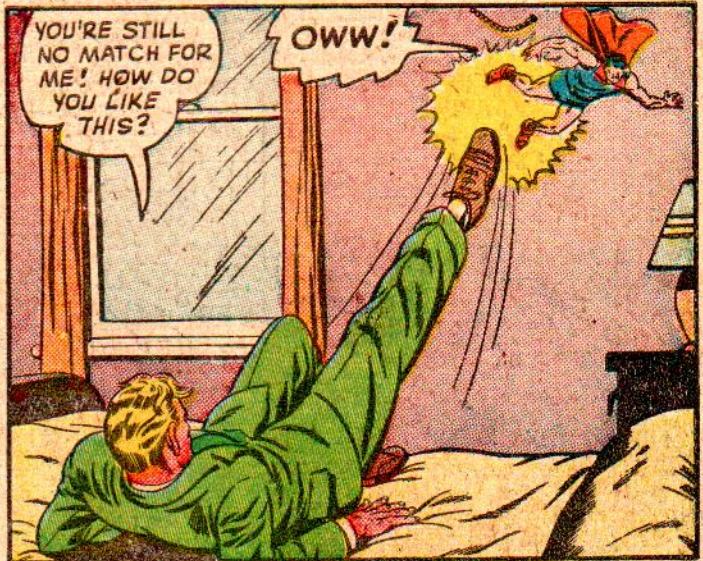
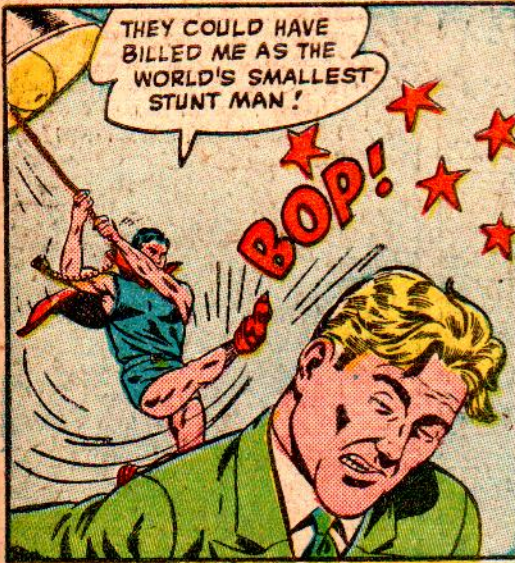


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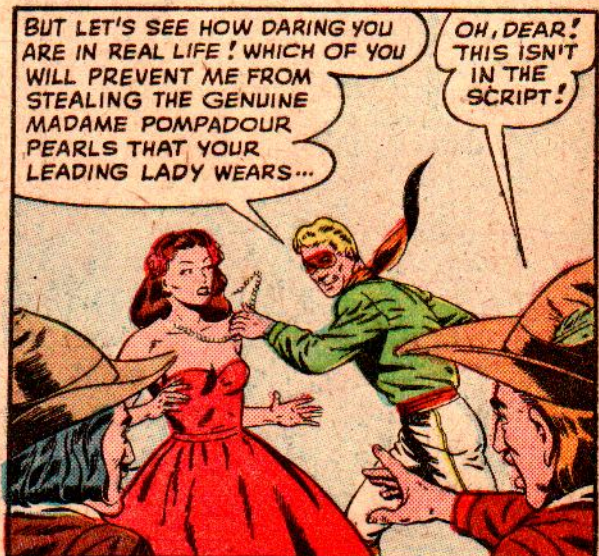
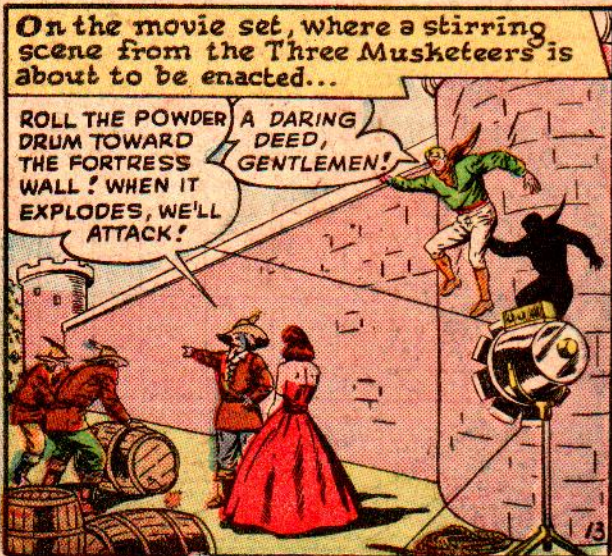
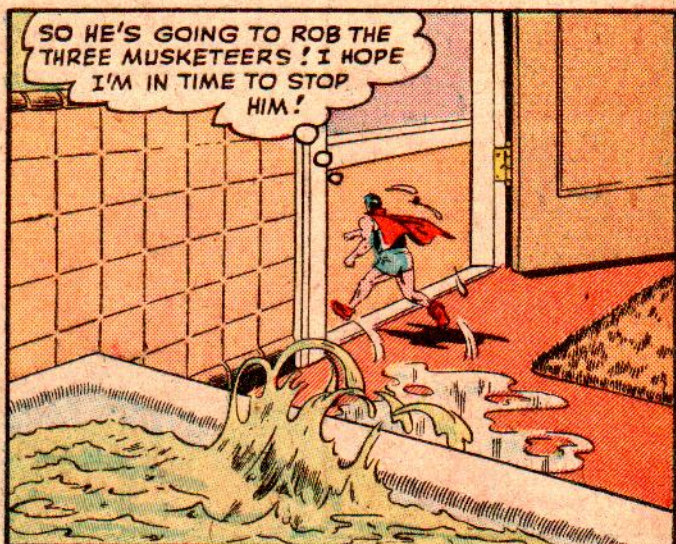
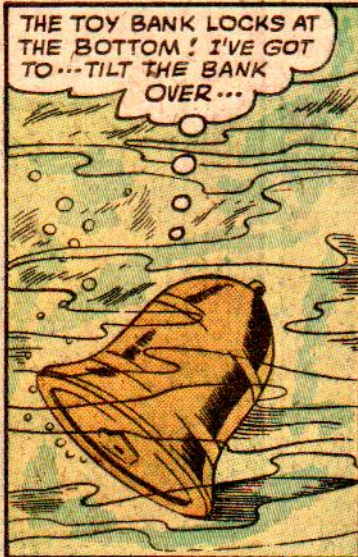


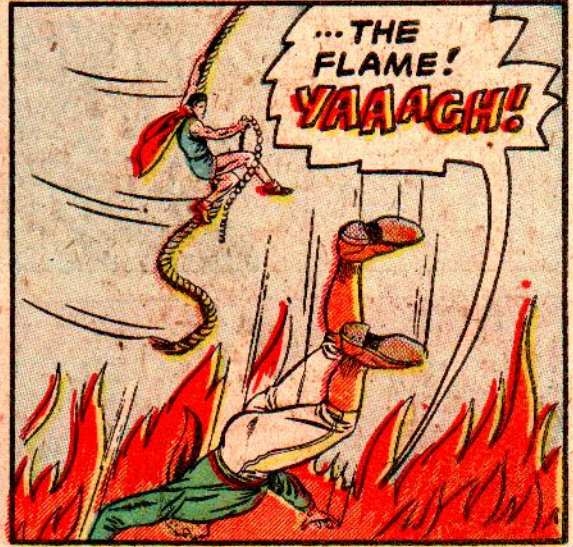
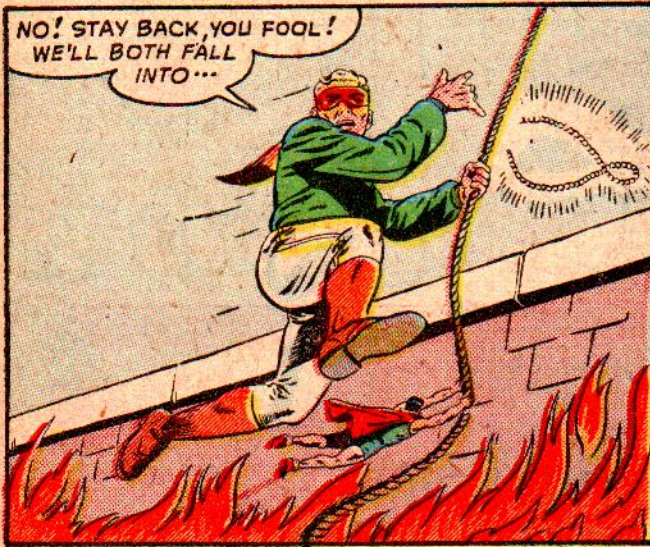
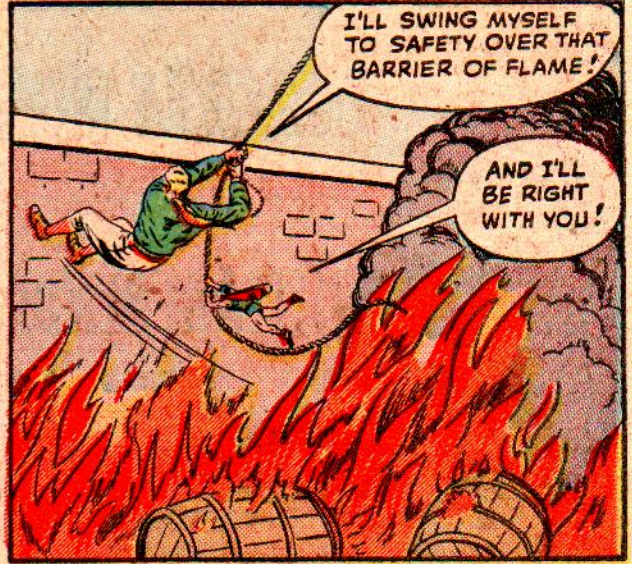
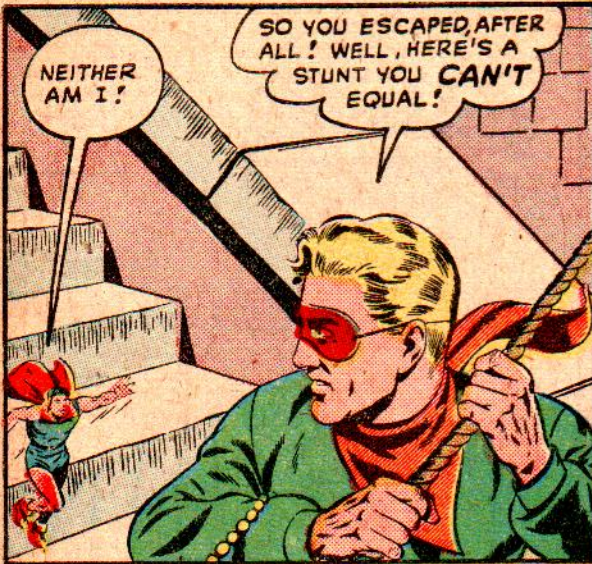
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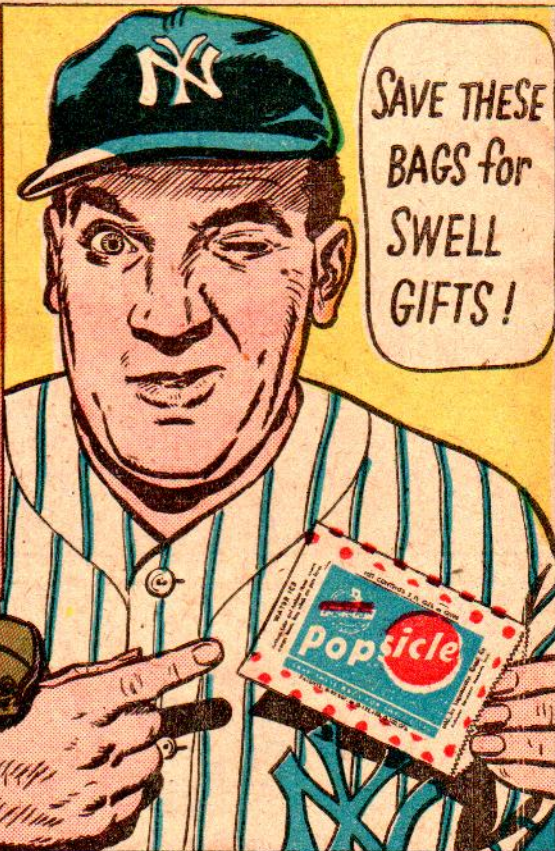
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says BOYS-GIRLS, see
WILLIAM BENDIX
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"The BABE RUTH STORY"
AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE
**IT'S A SUPER MOVIE ABOUT
A GREAT SPORTS HERO**



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SWELL
GIFTS!

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

and **SAVE BAGS**  for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS

"POPSICLE PETE"
SAYS



ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE BAGS —
THEY ALWAYS SAY —
"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
"Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

**HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW**

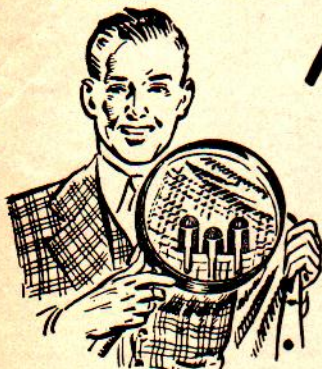


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1



2



3

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(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

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ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

And to think they used to call me

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Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

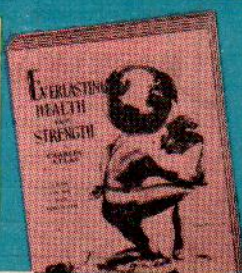
Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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ATLAS**

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